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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Naturally the Government and the Liberal party will make much capital out of the meeting last Tuesday of the council of the Church of England Temperance Society. A resolution was carried giving the Licensing Bill "in general a hearty support". This is the point of the meeting; its reservations will count for little with the public. Many of the Bishops, amongst them some of the ablest and most authoritative, were present. But, as the Bishop of Bangor points out in a letter to the "Times", this does not prove that the voice of the Bishops as a Bench, still less of the Church, is for even the main provisions of this Bill. The vote of the Representative Church Council on the time limit, à propos of the Bill of 1904, if it shows anything, shows this. The Bishop of Manchester voted against the resolution on Tuesday. Are those Bishops who throw up cap for this Bill sure that they are not walking into the parlour of a Government whose dominant character all through has been desire to damage the Church of England? Can they not see that this Bill, coinciding with the Education Bill, is just a tactical diversion?

The Radical press assumes that a clergyman is morally bound to support a Liquor Bill, plunder or no. Why in the world? Take Dean Hole for instance. Does anybody suppose for a moment that he would not have flamed up against this Bill? A little of his wit and daring would be a useful thing just now. "I set the geese hissing", he once said with glee after speaking his mind to a large gathering of intemperate temperance people. Another time, being pestered by teetotalers who reproached him for not joining their body, he wrote—"because you have water on the brain is no reason why I should shave my head."

Lord Rothschild, Lord Halsbury, Mr. Long, and other speakers at the City meeting on Wednesday made a strong case against all the arguments used to mask the real nature of the attack on property by the Licensing Bill. The meeting is important, because business men of experience showed the immense ramifications of the interests attacked in circles far outside the brewers and the publicans. Lord Rothschild instanced the insurance companies and their policyholders. Lord Halsbury was one of the Lords who gave judgment in *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, but he knows that the legal right to withhold a licence gives no moral right to the Legislature of abolishing licences wholesale by an equally arbitrary law. Mr. Boulter gave an apt illustration in the case of the Lord Chamberlain capriciously withdrawing the annual theatre licences.

The Bishop of S. Asaph is to bring up his Education Bill of 1904 again in the Lords. Whether his idea is to provide a golden bridge for the Government or merely to feel the Ministerial pulse we do not know. One thing is clear enough. If the Government show any mind to accept the Bishop's Bill as the basis of a settlement, it will only mean that they know that their own Bill has no chance. We see no reason why either Church or Opposition should help the Government to save its face. As a serious attempt at an education settlement, the Bill cannot be considered. Churchmen are not going to give up everything they have been defending for mere "facilities" to give Church teaching three days a week.

Mr. Lloyd George does not believe in the policy of hiding his light under the proverbial bushel. At quite a number of meetings lately which he has addressed he has laid special stress upon the value of the new Patents Act, and therefor has taken unction to his soul. No doubt the new law has many good points, but how far will they be operative in giving more employment to English workers? That is the question. In the daily press it is announced that a German firm has purchased a property near Port Sunlight, Birkenhead, on which to erect aniline dye works, as a result of the new Act. Excellent. But what is to prevent Professor Duisberg, the general manager, from importing all German labour, and what is to prevent in that case the German labourers

from importing most of their clothes and victuals if they find it cheaper? And if that takes place, the practical result will be that only the rent of their dwellings will find its way into English pockets. Curious this, because we always thought a landlord was Mr. Lloyd George's *bête noire*.

A resolution was moved in the House of Commons on Wednesday that in the interests of workmen and in view of the large number of unemployed the working day in all trades and industries should be limited by law to a maximum of eight hours. It was talked out, and it is evidently one of those impossible propositions about which one can simply wonder what purpose they are supposed to serve. Only after many years are the miners so far agreed as to support an Eight Hours Bill for their industry. Any attempt to make general an eight hours day would be resisted by workmen most of all. When anything is done, each particular case will have to be considered on its own merits; and the risks, even then are formidable enough, as the Miners' Bill shows.

Mr. George Whiteley chose Pudsey for his speech against socialism; and there can be no doubt he spoke his mind. He lumped together the radical rebels who voted for Mr. Wilson's Unemployed Bill last week, and gave them a wiggling. The "Pall Mall Gazette" hit off the situation in a clever cartoon by Mr. Halkett this week. The soft cliff of Liberalism is represented as rotten and huge bits are foundering: the socialist bit is almost at the bottom and the Irish may cave in at any time. Hence wary Mr. Whiteley is pulling Mr. Asquith back from the edge—and Mr. Asquith is quite ready to be pulled. Mr. Whiteley knows his business of course, but the old idea was that the prime work of the Whip is to drive his flock into the right lobby; rather than to chastise them, after the division, for going in a large body into the wrong lobby. He banged to the stable door at Pudsey; but was this of much avail after his steeds had gone galloping out?

We were growing rather tired of the leaflets of the Liberal Publication Department. It is pedantic surely to expect absolute exactitude in such things. They are written, published, and spread broadcast to get one candidate in and keep the other out. They are not prepared for purposes of historical study and research. The Liberal leaflet manufacturers do their duty according to their light no doubt, and there are worse trades in the world—though any more deadly uninspiring one cannot imagine. But this time the Liberals have themselves made these leaflets notorious. Mr. J. A. Pease declared in the House on Tuesday that his Government was not responsible for the Small Holding pamphlet issued by the department. Are we to suppose that since Mr. Birrell was changed from Liberal leaflet editor into Minister for Education, the Government has lost all interest or influence in this manufactory of short electioneering stories?

The pamphlet over which all this pother arose was the work of Mr. Corrie Grant M.P.; and it promised that the State would not only find the land for the small holders, but would fence it, delve it, dung it, and in fact equip the incoming tenant completely. Now that would be something like a thorough back-to-the-land scheme. It amounts—almost—to free land, free capital, free living. There would be a good deal in the idea of small holdings of this sort. We should all like to take one and use it if necessary for week-end purposes. Mr. Grayson pales his ineffectual fires before Mr. Corrie Grant and the Liberal Publication Department. Unhappily the whole thing is off. Mr. Harcourt explained that the pamphlet was a mistake. The department "discovered" this, and withdrew it from circulation; substituting a less drastic one. Apparently, when Mr. J. A. Pease is speaking, the Government does not feel responsible for anything the Liberal Publication Department may do in the election literature line; whereas, when Mr. Harcourt rises, it is quite sensitive about the honour of this useful ally.

The case against the department looks a little black. Mr. Pease flings it over: the case is found to be not so bad as it looked—Mr. Harcourt shelters and defends the department's honour.

The First Lord of the Admiralty's second appearance in the Lords this session was almost as inglorious as his first. Lord Tweedmouth glosses the two-Power standard into any reasonable and probable combination of the other Powers. This would enable him to make Germany and Turkey the standard of our naval preparations. But in a letter to Lord Cawdor he has since explained that he meant his phrase to cover a higher than two-Power standard—it *can* so be taken. But Lord Tweedmouth has so hopelessly lost prestige among his colleagues that he cannot be trusted to see that the Navy is not sacrificed. Earl Spencer and Lord Goschen were able to obtain what they wanted, for they were men of force and intellect who were listened to with respect in the Cabinet. Lord Tweedmouth started on a lower plane, and he has lost what prestige the office gave.

Instead of realising the responsibilities of his non-party post, Lord Tweedmouth turned himself on Wednesday into a mere advocate. He utterly failed to explain why since he has been in office he has only provided for the laying-down of eight armoured ships as compared with ten for Germany, five protected cruisers as compared with six for Germany, and twenty-three destroyers as compared with thirty-six for Germany. The only points in which we have excelled are the coast-defence submarines and torpedo-boats—Lord Tweedmouth audaciously included torpedo-boats in his destroyers statistics though they cannot steam to the coast of Germany and back—and two unarmoured "Boadiceas". He failed to furnish the House of Lords with any statistics for the autumn of 1911, which is the period of anxiety for us now. When Lord Tweedmouth talks of our strength at the present moment he forgets that his Administration have had nothing to do with it, and it will be many months before even a tiny destroyer laid down by his Government will be put into commission.

During this debate everyone, no doubt, was thinking of the dog sleeping in the middle of the chamber. There he lay, a remarkable but rather dangerous-looking animal. From time to time the peers' eyes would be on the dog, especially the eyes of the speaking peers; but none ventured to touch him. Lord Tweedmouth left him very severely alone; he tried hard not even to look at him. But every now and then out of the corner of his eye he saw the brute. "I must not be thought weak in holding this opinion when I say that the command of the sea is absolutely necessary for us." The sleeping dog was in that. And in "There again I am perfectly sound". However, he slept on. The German Emperor's letter was not mentioned throughout the debate.

Mr. Haldane has fitted to his head the cap we made for our present Ministers more than a year ago. We described the Government as circus riders, engaged every one of them in the difficult feat of riding two horses at the same time. This Mr. Haldane, at the close of his speech on Thursday, admitted he was doing, asking consideration for the difficulty of his task, "when you have two horses to ride at the same time". The two he is trying now are Reduction-at-any-price and Efficiency. How long before he falls between them? He has even now but a half-foot on Efficiency, which is ever sidling away.

A considerable change has been made in the appointment of officers to the French Army. In future cadets will, on leaving the military colleges, serve for a year in the ranks before receiving their commissions. This, at first sight, seems to be a very democratic move indeed. Hitherto cadets have gone through a course of two years at Saint Cyr and the Polytechnique, during which they have had to learn drill, &c., as well as to study the theoretical part of their profession. In future

the course at those institutions, however, will only be one year, and will be devoted entirely to theoretical study. The drill part, &c., they will learn whilst serving in the ranks. No doubt also they will form a kind of corps apart, and will live together, something as our midshipmen do. So the change probably will not be so great as it seems at first sight.

Wednesday was the sixtieth anniversary of the revolution of 1848 in Prussia, when there were barricades in the streets of Berlin. It is always the occasion of socialist and anarchist demonstrations, and special preparations were made this year for great processions in the streets and for public meetings. A few weeks ago there was serious risk of disturbances over the agitation about the reform of the Prussian franchise, and as this question is still unsettled it added to the risks of Wednesday's proceedings. Fortunately they passed without anything very serious happening. The Berlin police took the whole affair in hand. Their complete arrangements provided against all the chances and accidents which lead to riots and bloodshed when excited crowds assemble. The Berlin police are severe, but many innocent people may thank them for their lives.

President Nord Alexis has acceded to "the friendly request" of the Powers—backed by several cruisers. Three days saw the beginning and the end of the crisis in Hayti. For some time past political discontent has been getting more and more serious, in fact menacing, in this black country. Change of both President and of Government was demanded. A revolutionary movement was started, and the Government in a panic had a dozen or so suspects shot. In the terror which followed many took refuge in the Consulates. The Government insisted that they should be handed over to be dealt with according to the dictates of justice as administered by political partisans. A general uprising against Americans and Europeans was feared, but the firing of her guns by the British cruiser "Indefatigable" had a scarifying effect and induced the Government to permit the refugees to leave. Hayti unfortunately does not give the Powers excuse for actual occupation.

Canada is as bad as the Transvaal, or worse, deporting Indians who are something more than British subjects; many of them, as the medals they wore proclaimed, having actually fought British battles. At the instance of the Asiatic Exclusion League the Dominion Government are adopting a wholly indefensible attitude. Local convenience is of more account than imperial citizenship. When the Indians cannot be kept out on one plea, another is found. Some who waited at Hong Kong for a steamer are refused admission because they did not come direct from India; others who came direct from India are asked to provide impossible proof that they were the original purchasers of their tickets. Small wonder these luckless Indians are puzzled and ask whether they are not subjects of the King. What they might ask with more point would be, Are not the people of Canada subjects of the King?

Mr. Deakin's speech in Sydney on his new defence proposals will do nothing to remove the impression that on the naval side at least they are mistaken. He admits that, owing to the international changes which have taken place in the Pacific, Australia would not be secure without the British Navy. Yet he proposes to withdraw the Australian contribution, and to spend the money on the creation of a local flotilla of fifteen harbour and coast defence vessels. His desire to draft all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one into the military service has more to commend it, though many Australians are doubtful whether the scheme will work, seeing the distances which divide the population. Eighteen days' training per year for three years would not make an army, but it would provide the nucleus, and in eight years' time there would be two hundred thousand men in Australia who had undergone this compulsory service. It would at least

be a national system, not dependent on mere volunteering.

The Liberal party is not rich in peers, let alone peers of some ability. It is not surprising then that Lord Dudley should have been chosen to go to Australia as Lord Linlithgow's successor. He is fresh and unconventional in politics, and has ideas of his own. It is a good thing from a Conservative and a national point of view when Liberalism has to go to the peerage and the old ruling class for its Governors and leaders.

Some interesting cases have been settled this week. An action brought against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and Mr. Richard Bell M.P., the Secretary, is the first in which a trade-union's defence has been the Act of 1906. Mr. Bussey sued the Union and its Secretary for malicious prosecution. The circumstances had nothing to do with any trade dispute, but Mr. Justice Darling held that under the Act the Union could not be sued. The action then went on against Mr. Bell personally, but on the facts he obtained a verdict in his favour. Mr. Justice Darling is reported as making an attack on trade-unions; but he only said what we said at the time, that the Act makes them *super legem* as the mediæval Emperor was *super grammaticam*.

Coincident with this case was a prosecution under the new Secret Commissions Act. A grocer at Walmer supplied provisions to the recreation room at the dépôt of the Royal Marines. Sergeant Hunt gave the orders and the defendant sent a cheque to him for five pounds, saying that he found his accounts satisfactory, and asked the sergeant's acceptance of the cheque as a bonus on increased trade through his kind favours. The Treasury solicitor prosecuted, and a fine of ten pounds and costs was imposed.

There is no exclusive right to a name unless it is a trade name, but if a writer is known as "Aunt Naomi", as Mrs. Landa was on the "Jewish Chronicle", it is a sort of goodwill the paper must not allow any other contributor to use. Mr. Justice Eve also decided that Mrs. Landa was an editor or sub-editor, as she had charge of a department of the paper though she was paid by space. Some journalists gave evidence that they would not regard a writer paid by length as an editor; others that it would depend on the terms of engagement. The judge held the latter view. So that it comes to this, that an editor is a person who performs editorial duties under a contract no matter how paid, and is entitled to reasonable notice: usually three months.

Who has taken on the "Times" we shall not profess to know. One gossip says it is America; another knows it is "Answers". But gossip is a fool. Anyhow, the matter has been somehow settled, and the "Times" announces that it will continue to travel on independent lines, and that it will be directed only by Mr. Walter and certain inside members of its staff—to wit Mr. Buckle and Mr. Chirol; and Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Monypenny. We all hope they will keep up the high standard of their reports of public speeches; these, on the whole, are very good; and so, of course, are many of the special articles on "hard" subjects—figure and fact.

Commenting on the official statement about the "Times", the "Westminster Gazette" remarked Mr. Monypenny was the Johannesburg correspondent of the paper and is to be the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield—a work upon which he is now engaged. This reads like a jest, but we believe it was not meant so; and that, indeed, it is literally true. Of Mr. Monypenny we know absolutely nothing and wish to say nothing offensive. But the life and letters of Disraeli is a matter of great public importance. If it is to be done it should be done by the most distinguished writer who can be found in England who has had a

long and intimate knowledge of high politics: in short by one who has in a high degree, by general consent of informed people, the statesman instinct and the literary gift.

The life and letters of Gladstone were put into the right hands; we are glad to hear that the life and letters of Lord Salisbury are to be dealt with by Cecil. We wish to know what has been done with the extremely important letters and material which relate to Disraeli. They should have been placed in the keeping of Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach. This is a grave question and we hope it will be taken up by Conservatives of knowledge and authority.

Mr. Pitt, the representative of the "Times", was for long as familiar a figure in the Lobby as gigantic Inspector Horsley. He must be missed by many members, as he was one of the most capable, judicious and alert journalists. It was amusing in past days to see Pitt and Parnell putting their heads together not long after the Parnell Commission—the "Times" and the man the "Times" strove for years to overwhelm! Mr. Pitt was really a notable illustration of what a man can do in such delicate matters, though he had nothing in the nature of "a liberal education" and had not mixed with the public school, university and Pall Mall and St. James class that after all still rules—and will long rule—in front bench politics. He was known and trusted by most of the leaders on both sides. Mr. Pitt never chattered and never lied; and he was not in the least vain of his position. His success was wholly due to merit.

Since 1772 the body of Emanuel Swedenborg, the famous Swede, has lain in the church of St. George's-in-the-East, and it is now to be removed to Sweden. Swedenborg was one of the most famous men that Sweden has produced, and he was Charles XII.'s chief scientific adviser and military engineer. He lived in London several years in his later life, but there has always seemed an incongruity in so distinguished a Swede lying in an East London church. London, however, loses one of its pilgrimage shrines, as the tomb was visited by many Americans as well as provincial visitors who belong to the New Church.

Swedenborg was not the founder of an organisation. But a small circle of readers in the Temple assembled to read and discuss his works some time after his death. This was the nucleus of the first congregation formed in 1788; and an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. John Clowes, was the first translator of any of Swedenborg's books. There are supposed to be about six thousand adherents in this country and as many in America, and they are mostly of a more than average intellectual type, as might be expected from the nature of the writings. These writings are a noble philosophy under the guise of direct angelic revelation. They are also a great literature; and both theology and literature have been influenced by them. Emerson and Mr. and Mrs. Browning had much inspiration from Swedenborg. Swedenborgians console themselves with such reflections for their weakness in numbers.

It was an inspiration to call Burns, poet and excise-man, before the Whisky Commission! Dr. Teed cleverly dropped a hint that Burns had written about barley and whisky, and Lord James, not unwilling we fancy to hear Burns' verses, asked him if they were relevant. And so the Commissioners listened to real poetry in praise of real whisky made in a pot still from barley. It ought to win the case for the upholders of pure whisky. But what a quaint effect to have a verse like the following introduced with the comment "I desire to call your attention to this because it emphasises the employment of barley":

"Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!"

A BLACK SPOT.

THE Republic of Hayti owes its origin to the principles of the French Revolution, and is an instructive illustration of that fundamental fallacy of the Constitution of the United States that all men are born equal and are therefore equally fit for political liberty. True for the moment the Haytian hurricane has subsided as suddenly as it rose, and this particular incident is closed. The political refugees will retire elsewhere to concoct fresh plots until they have succeeded in murdering their rivals or succumbed to what is regarded in Hayti as the legitimate method of dealing with political opponents. A President either of Hayti or San Domingo holds office on a precarious tenure, like the priest of the shrine at Nemi he "slew the slayer and shall himself be slain". The drama in which he plays for a moment the principal part has run for a hundred years without any change except in that of the actors. Their methods are pillage and murder and they only differ amongst one another in the excess or moderation of their depravity. The Revolutionary doctrines of France, absurd enough in themselves, become far more grotesque, and unfortunately more destructive of civilisation, put in practice by savages arrayed in gold lace. The words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity", look incongruous enough to-day on the façade of a French cathedral, but on a public building in Hayti their incongruity is multiplied a thousand-fold as the absurdity of some items of modern clothes is more crudely brought out by the antics of an Ethiopian serenader. But after all a Christy Minstrel is less a travesty of a real negro than a negro Republic has proved of the most crudely administered white State in South America.

The madness of Caligula on a squalid stage amid grotesque surroundings makes practically the political history of Hispaniola since the ill-starred day when the National Assembly applied the doctrines of Rousseau to the island. The story of Toussaint l'Ouverture is the only gleam of something brighter. After both France and England gave up the attempt to hold the island, one negro after another attained power—one called himself king, another emperor; the last of these was Soulouque, a bloody tyrant, who had been a slave. He called himself Emperor of Hayti, and took the attractive title of Faustin I. There has never been a second. But there have been Presidents whose careers have only been distinguished by a revolting monotony of bloodshed and plunder. San Domingo shows nothing in its history to differentiate it from the sister State, save that after both French and English left the island, Spain re-established herself in the eastern half, which afterwards proclaimed its independence. Therefore what tincture of Western corruption (we cannot call it civilisation) that part of the island has absorbed is Spanish, while that retained by the western half is French. Both portions of the island rejoice in Constitutions; they have, in addition to their presidents, assemblies and the usual Republican machinery. They both have the privilege of a national debt, of which, to do them justice, they make no attempt to redeem the obligations. The element of farce seems inseparable from this land of opéra-bouffe, for an American cruiser collects the customs and pays the creditors of San Domingo against the will of the American Senate. In such a country as this President Castro would be an enlightened ruler, but there must come sooner or later a moment when the white man will say that this Ruddigore farce must come to an end. At the present time the foreign consulates in the island serve more as places of refuge for the defeated leaders of factions. They live there on sumptuous fare till they can be safely deported. This imposes upon the consular officers in the country a very unpleasant and unsympathetic burden. Both the vanquished and the victorious factions must be equally hateful to all men endowed with elementary notions of civilisation and what it implies; besides, this constant cause of friction with the authorities leads to dangerous popular effervescence which may any day end in a massacre of whites by blacks. Such a

catastrophe has only just been averted this week by the arrival of warships.

It is of little interest to the civilised world whether General Alcide Sambo or Massa Hippolyte Johnson holds the reins of power, but what can be ignored in the recesses of Central Africa cannot be much longer allowed free course in an island close to Cuba and Jamaica. It is well known that the vilest traditions of paganism have entire possession of the majority of the population. It may be less harrowing to the feelings to forbear inquiry as to what goes on in the more inaccessible portions of the island, but when a religion which enjoins human sacrifice is widely held, indeed almost invariably, there can be little doubt that it is also widely practised. Every traveller tells us that the practice of sacrificing a white cock with hideous accompaniments by a semi-naked savage may be seen any day in the neighbourhood of Port au Prince. We believe the religion of the State is supposed to be Roman Catholic, but the faith of the people is Vaudou.

The revolution which has led to the present interference of foreign Powers is identical with those preceding and those that will follow. Antenor Firmin, formerly Haytian Minister in Paris, attacked the troops of General Nord Alexis, the President, and seized Port au Prince and two other flourishing towns, but the revolutionaries made no further way, they were blockaded by the presidential army and beaten in a battle, the leader escaped, and some of his principal followers have been shot, others have taken refuge in the French Consulate. Very properly the Consul has refused to surrender them; this led to dangerous anti-foreign manifestations among the black population, and the arrival of foreign warships alone has prevented a general massacre. This particular disturbance presents no features of especial interest over any others, the position of the whites has been more precarious, but the incidents are the everyday political events of the Black Republic.

The important question that arises after this particular agitation is whether the time is not rapidly approaching for some agreement among the Powers for the settlement of this loathsome burlesque once for all. The experiment has surely been conducted long enough to satisfy all reasonable beings. It is inconceivable that people still exist who believe that all races are equally fit to hold political power, and are happier and better when allowed a free hand. Whether or no the savage cut off by nature from all connexion with civilisation may or may not be happy and good may form an interesting subject for speculation; but that has nothing at all to do with the case of Hayti, which is in the neighbourhood of civilised communities, or at all events communities controlled by civilised methods. There the black man has had a chance for a hundred years of showing what he can do in developing a country and working a political system of the modern type. He has been able to experiment on a country of extraordinary natural resources, where vegetation of the most profitable description flourishes in every direction and the soil is believed to hold enormous mineral wealth. No attempt however has been made by the inhabitants to develop it, nor does the Government encourage the foreigner to exploit it. In fact the inhabitants are full of insane hatred of the whites. Their methods of government have already been demonstrated. What, then, is the solution? We suppose that the two Powers most nearly concerned are ourselves, who hold Jamaica, and the United States, who hold Porto Rico; and the best solution, if not an ideal one, is that the island should be taken over and administered from Washington. The United States would indeed be better employed there than in the Philippines. American political methods are not heavenly, but even the party boss would be a distinct advance on General Nord Alexis and M. Antenor Firmin. After all the mere private citizen of New York, Chicago, and even San Francisco, if he is content to be fleeced, shrugs his shoulders at ineffective police and bad paving, and leaves the politicians, State and Federal, to stew in their own juice, can live his own life and grow fat and well liking—a dispensation which the private citizen of Hayti, we imagine, would hail as the golden age.

THE POSTMASTER'S MANŒUVRES.

THE great House of Buxton must be looking on with much anxiety at the struggles of its chief, at any rate its political chief, with the python of Post Office politics; an awkward monster, we agree, for any Postmaster to deal with. Will he put it to sleep by throwing it drugged sops? Will he strangle it, or will it strangle him? The struggle is momentous for the Buxtons, for this great Liberal tribe has been faring badly in the political fight of late, going down before every opponent that came along, until the party managers will surely begin to doubt whether it will do to risk a Buxton as candidate any more. But as a set-off to these misfortunes there has always been Mr. Sydney Buxton, the unshakeable in Poplar, a personality in the House and far from unpopular, and now a Minister of the Crown. The broken or prostrate pillars of the house could always point to the main column standing erect and supporting the burden of office. But suppose this matter of political associations within his department should prove a Samson? And the Postmaster himself, it must be admitted, seems quite alive to the danger. He treads warily enough. Perhaps this is the better figure; the general in an enemy's country, very imperfectly known to him. At every turn there may be a pitfall and an ambush. In fact he has been ambushed more than once already. Decidedly amusing to watch are his strategic movements to the rear, his doubles, his right-about turns. Mr. Buxton is not wanting in slimness of a sort, but it requires something more to go successfully through a difficult country full of snipers. Every time he answers a question in the House one feels that one of these snipers will bring him down some day.

There are two obvious ways of facing the whole question of political associations amongst Post Office servants or the servants of any other department; allow all or allow none. The onlooker, whatever his party, will probably say at once, allow none. The civil servant is the servant of the Government for the time being, and therefore must know no party and have no politics. The corollary of this is, he must have no vote; and at that civil servants, being human, would kick; and any one who has to manage them would prefer somehow to leave them their votes. But he need not allow them to organise themselves for political purposes within the department? Then comes the difficulty of defining political purposes. What about a trade union? If you disallow every organisation you get into very hot water. Then allow all alike. Now whichever of these two courses Mr. Buxton had chosen to follow, if he had followed it straight, we do not suppose he would have got into very much trouble in the House. It is difficult to say which of these two policies, in practice, is the better; and had Mr. Buxton played the game, whichever view he took he would have a good deal of support from all quarters. And to do him justice, he did show signs of allowing every sort of organisation without let. He would have gone much farther that way than any of his predecessors. But an unthought-of Act stood in the way; and he had to make a sort of personal policy of his own.

What that policy is must be inferred from facts. Mr. Buxton allows the Fawcett Association; he allows the Free Trade Union; he disallows a Tariff Reform society and he disallowed the Primrose League. Well, it is very easy to see a line here; very simple indeed: allow organisations that tell in favour of your own politics but disallow those that tell against them. Good for the stability and loyalty of the Post Office staff, this. What a happy effect it would have, every new Postmaster-General squashing the societies his predecessor favoured and calling up those he suppressed. This no Minister could openly confess to; and Mr. Buxton resents any such suggestion. He has to find some other line which will still leave all the Radical societies on one side of it and all the Conservative societies on the other. First he says that the Fawcett Association and the Free Trade Union are not party associations; they are neither Liberal nor Conservative societies. Technically, this may be granted. But it is equally true of the Tariff Reform League and the Primrose League. Both these bodies were deliberately

founded with the idea of keeping them apart from the official Conservative and Unionist party; and in their fundamental and formal programme they disclaim any party objective. Say this is all "bunkum", if you will. But it is absolutely the same with the societies Mr. Buxton says are not party organisations. Both sets of societies, the Radicals and the Conservatives, are in the same boat as to party. This distinction will not do. The irons become too hot; Mr. Buxton cannot stand it; he has to lift his foot and come down somewhere else. Next he says he will allow any association that is not connected with any recognised party, not affiliated or a contributor to party funds. The Free Trade society in the Post Office, he says, is not technically affiliated to the Free Trade Union and does not contribute to its funds. The Fawcett Society exists purely for Post Office purposes: it is concerned only with the interests and conditions of labour of the servants of the Post Office. He will even allow a Primrose League society if it will cut itself off from the parent League. But we do not hear of this indulgence being held out to the Tariff Reform society in the Post Office. This seems a fine-drawn, almost invisible, and wholly unscientific frontier to delimitate the allowable from the unallowable organisation: still just a possible one, one that will hold together. But unhappily for Mr. Buxton, he was very ignorant about the Fawcett Association, though the oldest and quite an old-established society amongst the Post Office servants. Painfully persistent critics discovered and published to the Postmaster himself amongst others that the Fawcett Association contributed to the funds of the Independent Labour Party, and contributed in particular to its campaign chest at the last General Election. Again the irons became too hot for Mr. Buxton; his rule shrivelled up; he has to lift his foot again and try to find another place for its sole. What will he take his stand on now?

Can he tell us why a political society amongst Post Office servants becomes harmless immediately it drops formal connexion with a larger body? It is not for that less political nor less partisan. An untied (licensing phrases run in one's head now) Primrose habitation or an untied Free Trade committee can go in for active electioneering as well as a tied one. Breaking the link would be but a transparent disguise. Indeed, we should much like to know how, if the Free Trade Union in the Post Office was not affiliated, and did not subscribe to, the parent Union, this came about. It would be a unique case and seems to show wonderful insight into the Postmaster-General's mind. And why did not Mr. Buxton know about the Fawcett Association's connexion with the Labour party? If he had, perhaps he could not have left it on the right side of his line, the side of the allowables, and then the Socialists in Poplar would not have been pleased. And a three-cornered contest might be awkward.

At present we are unable to fit any principle to the facts of Mr. Buxton's dealings with politics in the Post Office but preference for his own party. That does square with the facts, but Mr. Buxton won't have it; and none of his explanations will hold together, so he is left in the air, or at best one foot up and one on tiptoe. This is an attitude no man can keep up long. If he is not very careful, Mr. Buxton will soon come down, not on his feet but—less comfortably.

THE REAL ARMY AND THE SHAM.

IT is perhaps a pity that the House of Lords Army debate did not keep within the limits laid down by Lord Middleton, whose speech dealt solely with the regular forces. He rightly held that the question of the auxiliaries had already been amply dealt with. This is only natural, because the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers have many spokesmen on their behalf in both Houses whose tongues are not tied by professional etiquette. With the regular Army, however, it is different. Officers serving cannot well get up and denounce the War Office. So it is only a few officers who, like Lord Roberts, are not now serving—although as a Field-Marshal he remains on the active list as long as he lives—who are in a position to do so. Still, the destiny of the regular army is so closely bound

up with the question of the territorial force that it is almost impossible to keep the two apart.

To Lord Middleton's main theme that the Government was not justified by any change in the world's affairs in reducing the regular Army by some 36,000 men, Lord Portsmouth's reply was feeble and unconvincing to the last degree. Indeed, the Under-Secretary did not answer the question at all. Instead he treated the House to a long and confusing array of figures, attempting to prove that the difficulty of finding foreign drafts was caused solely by Lord Middleton's introduction in 1902 of a three-years period of service with the colours and nine in the reserve, instead of the previous system of seven and five years. We were never in favour of the change, and we welcomed Mr. Haldane's return to the previous and well-tried plan. But, in justice to Lord Middleton, it must be remembered that he left the War Office in 1903, and his system ended. The men enlisted under his conditions of service must already have disappeared some time ago. So it is not fair to blame him for the present state of the home battalions. But all this has nothing whatever to do with the point at issue. The real point is, have international circumstances changed so much that we only need now six thousand more men in the Army than we did in 1898, when there was no menace of the coming South African war? At that period, and at a time of profound peace, it was deemed necessary largely to increase the strength of the Army. What a fortunate prognostication of future events this proved was only too well shown at the time of the war, when, even with this increase, it was found that we had far too few men; with the result that we had to resort to ruinous expedients in raising reserve regiments at fabulous cost, and paying five shillings a day to Imperial Yeomen. What possible ground is there, judging by the teachings of past history, to expect that the call made upon us for men will be less than it proved to be then? As a fact everyone capable of forming an opinion knows perfectly well that the reduction which has been effected is purely a political measure, designed to please the extremists, and in no way justified by the present outlook of international affairs. There can in our case never be any valid reason for reducing our military forces, for we invariably keep far too few, which is proved by every great crisis in our history having found us unprepared. It is true that at present our reserve is satisfactory. But that is mainly due to the three-years period of enlistment which Lord Portsmouth so much decries. Still we cannot agree with Lord Middleton in thinking that it would be desirable to return to that plan, which—though certainly not given a fair trial—is surely unsuitable to our needs.

The second day's debate last Monday hinged almost entirely on Lord Roberts' denunciation of the plan of attempting to provide 196 territorial horse and field batteries of artillery for home defence. Lord Roberts very rightly described such expedients as worse than useless, indeed a positive danger to their own side; and he stated that he would prefer to have mounted riflemen rather than sham artillery. The point really is, would it not be better to maintain such regular batteries as we have in full efficiency than to embark on so risky an experiment? Within the last few days Lord Roberts' contentions have been endorsed by Lord Denbigh, who, as commanding officer of the Honourable Artillery Company, should know what he is talking about. He shows what special advantages his corps has. The ranks are filled by men of education who can ride, and they naturally pick up things more quickly than the ordinary recruit. Moreover they have large funds behind them. They go through a course with the horse battery at S. John's Wood; and before their annual training they practise with a fully equipped horse battery at Aldershot. Even then they barely reach the required standard. On Thursday Mr. Haldane quoted an array of expert opinion to confute Lord Roberts. It is, however, noticeable that none of the opinions he quoted are from disinterested individuals. Sir John French's reply is guarded, and we cannot see that it contains any actual contradiction of Lord Roberts' contentions. All he says is that Lord Roberts has overlooked the point that the territorial army would receive six months'

training on mobilisation. This presupposes that we always shall have the time available. But in war it is the uncertain which generally happens; and it is rash to assume so much beforehand. A Government in office can always get expert advice to back it up. But we imagine that, however much evidence he may produce, Mr. Haldane will find it difficult to persuade the majority of people that Lord Roberts is wrong. He is a gunner and General French is not. Certainly the bulk of professional artillery officers are against the experiment. It is a matter of common knowledge that so difficult is the work of the modern artillery officer that even amongst battery commanders—who have spent years at the game—a number, though good and efficient soldiers, are not really first-class battery commanders. What chance then have amateurs? In these days of quick-firing guns, a battery which unduly exposes itself or takes up a wrong position is annihilated before it can fire a shot. It is not so much the actual working of the guns. It is the tactical leading of the officers, and unless these be professional we fail to see how, even with six months' training, they can become efficient enough. Lord Elgin assumes that the time available will be still longer. Because he was Chairman of the War Commission, he is supposed to be a military authority. But before entrusting him with the duty of winding up for the Government, his colleagues should have taken some care to post him up in the subject. His speech contained some strange fallacies. He said that when a great war broke out there would be plenty of time to train the Territorial Army, because it took a year to land 150,000 men in South Africa during the war. As this then is the figure of Mr. Haldane's expeditionary force, a year would therefore be available. This is nonsense. The men would have been sent out more quickly, had we known at the start that such a force was required. As a fact, we sent at the start a few dribblets, then an Army Corps, and as time went on, division after division. He also stated that as soon as the expeditionary force had been despatched, the home defence force—Special Reserve and Territorial Army—would be called out. But that depends on the time of year. If in winter, it would be difficult to do so. Take the case of South Africa. The war began in October 1899. Yet it was not till May that even the whole of the Militia could be embodied, for the simple reason that there was no place to put them in. Recruiting, as is always happily the case with us in great crises, was excellent. Recruits to replace casualties and wastage in the field had to be trained; and the barrack accommodation in this country is very limited. These and a certain number of the embodied Militia filled all available space, with the result that the remainder of the Militia still at home could not be called out until the weather permitted of their being placed under canvas. As soon as May came they were all called out. But in one of the most critical periods in our history, after the 8th Division had sailed in March 1900, when invasion of these shores was not unlikely, when the country was denuded of ammunition, and when a large portion of our fleet was away watching the progress of transports to South Africa, we had at home nothing but a very few line battalions, our line cavalry regiments, many untrained recruits, a few newly raised batteries of artillery, and a certain portion of the embodied Militia, the majority of whom had never even fired off a rifle. It is true that they might be billeted; but that has always been unpopular in this country; and, worse still, the system is unsatisfactory. In any case the Army Council seem hardly to have devoted sufficient consideration to the question of accommodation, which must become a very serious one if the Territorial Army is ever embodied.

PROVISIONAL POLITICS.

A GOOD man struggling with adversity is a sad sight, and we suppose that, with a sensitive imagination, it might be possible to see the Government in this light. To keep the food of the people cheap has been for the last few years the cardinal article in their creed of many articles. In season

and out they have talked it—threatened it—thundered it. No doubt there was an appeal at the General Election to the slavery sentiment. But in the main it was appeal to the stomach. There could be no question as to the earnestness, the deadly concentration, of the Liberal party in this matter. The Liberal party has been like the bull-dog. We know the bull-dog is far from being the game beast that tradition—confounding it with the very different bull-terrier—has made it; still, once its teeth are well in, they get fixed. The unwavering resolve of the Liberals has been to keep down the price of victuals. And to-day victuals seem to be higher in price than they were through many a long year of Unionist administration! We are quite sure of this—that the Liberal party would be much relieved just now if it could unfix its teeth. It would like to drop the satiating subject of food. Liberalism is sick of food—and it would be glad (if we may borrow from Bright) not to return to its gorge. It would wish to concentrate against beer—and the "Bishops"; still it has succeeded in ranging the bishops, in bulk, against beer. Mr. Winston Churchill showed this clearly enough by his pot oratorical valour at Peckham during the week. He banged the big drum for all it was worth against the wicked publicans and bloated brewers, called for a great rally to the Licensing Bill—and was quiet as a mouse about the price of the food of the people. But it is perfectly useless trying to turn off the subject when your opponent is constantly turning it on. The question of the price of provisions has been brought once more well to the front at Peckham; and unless the Government can do something quickly to cheapen the breakfast, tea and supper table of "the Masses," as Mr. Gladstone we think once put it, they may lose seat after seat. Was ever a party so hoist with its own petard as the Liberals just now? We can recall no instance quite of the kind in politics of late years at any rate. And the curious thing is that not only their cry at the General Election and before it is telling against them; but even now their own mouths seem determined to condemn them, though they are so well alive at the moment to the danger of chatter about cheapness. The "Westminster Gazette" by common consent is the wisest journal on the Liberal side. It is one of the great assets of the party, being at once lively, intellectual and earnest. Yet by some malign chance even the carefully weighed words of the "Westminster" on provisions make a capital leaflet against the radical candidates. It seems that the National Union—we know nothing of the matter ourselves but get our information through the "Westminster"—has lately published a leaflet for Peckham and elsewhere giving a list of the provisions which have risen under a blessed Liberal Government; and this list the National Union declares is drawn from the "Westminster" itself! Here are the victuals and fuel which have gone up: bread, tea, coal, rice, bacon, butter, jam, cheese and cocoa. The last is surely the unkindest cut of all. Indeed, unless overwhelming proof can be produced, we shall decline to believe that cocoa has gone up. Cocoa, as we have always understood, is the food which radicalism has taken particularly under its charge. It is incredible that the Cocoa Kings could have suffered this grateful and comforting article to be dearer at the very time when the interests of radicalism demand it should be cheaper.

But if there is some mistake and the "Westminster" did not after all furnish this black list—and, honestly, for the life of us we cannot make out whether it did or did not—at least Mr. Gautrey, the radical candidate at Peckham, blurted out a very awkward statement on the subject. According to the "Daily Mail" he said in a speech at Peckham on Tuesday: "My canvassers tell me that everywhere they are told 'food is dearer; everything is dearer; and beer is going to be dearer'." This is straight and absolutely simple; and, what is more, if Mr. Gautrey did say it, why, it reflects credit on his candour and intelligence. Food and fuel is dearer. A Liberal Government is in office. These facts are dead certain. Everybody must draw his—or her—own conclusions as to why our daily bread and butter has risen; and it is pretty clear that most people are drawing their conclusions.

There is no doubt a certain humour about the thing, but it is of a somewhat grim sort. Here we have none of the advantages of a closer and firmer union with our colonies; and yet we have the disadvantages which Liberals have vowed would be ours if we formed that closer union of commerce and kinship! We have nothing to show for our refusal to meet the colonies in a reasonable spirit—except heavier household bills. And these household bills really are serious just now. None of us—perhaps not even the cocoa manufacturers—seems to be making more money. Meanwhile any Stores list tells us that prime streaky bacon is over a shilling a pound, and even Danish butter, to say nothing of best fresh, fluctuates between one-and-four and one-and-five. These things affect not only the "Have Nots," to whom the Liberals love to appeal, but the Have-a-Little class as well; and we all know that at the General Election the Government scored freely by getting tens of thousands of votes from this class. Plainly, if the Liberals wish to hold their own at the next election, they must keep down by hook or crook the price of the necessities of life. If they fail to do this, they will be smothered.

THE CITY.

THE inevitable has happened, and the Bank rate is now 3 per cent. Not since September 1905 has such a low quotation been in force, and the interval has witnessed many storms of financial stress. We should now enter upon a long period of easy money. Trade everywhere is on the decline and prices of commodities are falling. This means that the business of the country can be carried on with a smaller currency. At the same time the world's gold output is increasing, and the metal is accumulating in the Bank of England. We thus have bigger gold reserves and smaller demands, the effect of which must be an abundant supply of cheap money. Just now there is scarcity in Lombard Street because the tax-gatherer has swept the market bare; but in the course of the next week or so Government disbursements should produce a plethora. At other financial centres money should also tend to become easier. New York cannot yet hope to regain the confidence of its public sufficiently to indulge in fresh enterprise or speculation, and in Berlin a period of comparative stagnation is threatened. We shall probably have money coming to London from both these quarters, competing with our own capital and emphasising the ease in Lombard Street. In this way rates will be driven down and money should flow into the Stock Exchange for more profitable employment. It may be argued that no inclination has been shown so far to put money into Stock Exchange securities, though within the last few months the Bank rate has come down by successive movements from seven to three per cent. The explanation probably is that everyone has been waiting to see the bed-rock level of money. At three per cent. this is practically reached. There is yet a prospect of a lower figure, but the difference between three and two per cent. is so small, compared, say, with the difference between four and five per cent., that it is not worth considering. Investment securities now yield more than the current value of money, and this has not been the case for a long time past. In the ordinary course of events, then, money will be employed in their purchase rather than in less profitable channels. It is inevitable that this should be so, and when the demand has raised prices to an unremunerative level then will come the chance of the more speculative securities.

We are curious to see the result of the Chartered Company's latest scheme to raise capital. It reminds us of other cases where similar appeals have been made to shareholders of some defunct company. Pointing a pistol at their heads the directors demand of shareholders "Your money or your life". They must either pay up, or their interest in the company becomes worthless. Reconstruction is inevitable if the necessary funds are not forthcoming under the present scheme. Six millions sterling of capital, besides four and a half millions obtained as premium on new issues, are threatened with effacement. The shares we have put by as nest-eggs for our grandchildren

may at any moment be confiscated. The only alternative the directors have to offer is the opportunity to subscribe for a debenture inferior to that already created, bearing, it is true, $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more interest, but obtainable only at par, or 15 points in excess of the price of the existing security. To say the least of it, it is not a business proposition; certainly it is not worthy of a board composed of such a body as the Chartered Company's directors. We do not forget that these new Debentures carry certain "rights," which may become valuable before expiry. On the other hand, they may not. At the moment they possess no intrinsic value, and the bait cannot therefore be considered very tempting. Surely it were possible to devise some more attractive scheme—some scheme, too, that might be put forward without threatening the interests of the common shareholders. If the directors are incompetent to work out such a one, why do they not call to their aid some half-dozen financial magnates, give them representation on the board, and run the company as a commercial undertaking first, and as an Empire builder as a secondary consideration?

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway issue has proved a failure. The security is good enough, but the public have tired of the frequent issues made under the auspices of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Even the patience of underwriters is likely to be exhausted by the fiasco: to be "stuck" with about 90 per cent. of the stock is more than even they could have bargained for. Apart altogether from the merits of this particular issue, investors have had too many appeals lately on behalf of Canada and her industries. Yet many more are pending. A fair reception was given to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric issue—indicating that there is a demand for really good home industrials giving a moderate rate of interest. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture Stock now offered by the Charing Cross, West End and City Electricity Supply Company, Limited, is to be applied mainly to the redemption of bonds falling due early next year.

INSURANCE AND LICENCES.

FROM certain points of view the Licensing Bill is of considerable interest to many insurance companies, and consequently to their policyholders. It seems to be thought in some quarters that it is possible to ensure compensation in the event of a licence being withdrawn from any cause whatever. This, however, is not the case, unless possibly as a speculative transaction at Lloyd's, since all that an insurance company does in this way is to guarantee the owner from loss through mismanagement on the part of the tenant or manager. If a licensed house is misconducted, the licence may be forfeited, and it is this risk, and this only, which can be insured against. The insurance of a licence is similar to the practice of fidelity guarantee, under which defalcations by an employee are made good.

Many insurance companies, as Lord Rothschild pointed out at Wednesday's great meeting in the City, have large sums invested in brewery stocks, and so far as the Licensing Bill depreciates the value of such stocks insurance companies will suffer in common with other investors, and a loss from this cause would affect the shareholders in proprietary companies and the participating policyholders in life offices.

There is another way in which insurance companies may be affected. Some of them have advanced considerable sums upon mortgage of licensed premises. If at the end of fourteen years, or of an even longer period, these licences can be cancelled without compensation the security for insurance companies, and for others who have lent money on mortgage, is very greatly depreciated. The natural result of the passing of the Bill, and the quite possible result of the mere publication of the Bill, is that many such mortgages will be called in, and if the insurance companies have to foreclose it is not by any means clear that they will be able to recover the full amount of the advance. Even if mortgages are not called in at present it is quite likely that the conditions of many mortgages will have to be re-arranged. A frequent method of lending money on the security of licensed premises is to make the advance for a fixed period, ending say three or

four years before the expiration of the lease, and to provide for the repayment of the loan by means of a sinking-fund policy. Advances may be made in this way repayable twenty or thirty years hence, and if at the end of fourteen years the licence is liable to be cancelled without compensation the insurance companies will require a sinking fund providing for the repayment of the loan within fourteen years at the outside. This would impose a very heavy extra annual payment upon the borrower. The annual premium for a sinking-fund policy to provide £1,000 at the end of thirty years is £20; to provide £1,000 at the end of fourteen years costs £57 a year, and precisely how the unlucky borrower is to provide the large extra payment involved by such a change is not apparent.

Some insurance companies regard mortgages on licensed property as an unsuitable investment, but we believe that in the past they have turned out fairly well. In view of the proposed legislation, however, such mortgages are likely to disappear as quickly as possible from the list of securities in which insurance companies invest their money.

It is not without interest to notice that to a certain extent legislation has conferred upon some insurance companies a monopoly which is akin to the monopoly said to be conferred by the granting of a licence. Prior to the Life Assurance Companies Act of 1870 anybody who chose could start a life assurance company; that Act, however, requires a deposit of £20,000 before a new life office can commence business. The passing of the Act has made the formation of a new mutual life office a practical impossibility. Subject to certain exceptions, mutual life offices are as a class superior to any others: they are very few in number and no fresh ones can be started. To a certain extent, therefore, the Act of 1870 has put these societies into a privileged position from which their policyholders derive considerable welfare. We hope these remarks will not lead the Government to regard these mutual life offices as the owners of a privilege conferred by legislation: if this were the result we should presumably have a Bill introduced declaring that the privilege must be ended at the expiration of fourteen years and the benefit of it appropriated by the State.

THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

AS Oxford have now arrived at Putney, where Cambridge have been practising for the last ten days, it is possible to form some estimate of the chances of the crews. There is still a fortnight left before the race, and in that fortnight changes in form and fitness in either boat may materially affect probabilities, but if Oxford continue to improve as rapidly as they have lately, they should have a good chance of winning. I realise that in saying this I am not expressing the general opinion, which seems to be that Cambridge are much above the average and Oxford at best an indifferent crew. It is difficult to divest one's mind altogether of prejudice, but as far as possible I try to do so, and having seen much of the rowing of the Oxford crew I feel justified in expressing the opinion that they promise to be better than any that has represented the University since 1898. This is not necessarily saying very much, for the Oxford eights of the last nine years—even the winning ones—have not been of high class. The rowing of the crew, as a crew, still leaves much to be desired, but the individuals who compose it are remarkably strong at their weights, and all shape reasonably well. Of the material of the two eights I think Oxford has the better.

When at the end of January the order of the Oxford eight was provisionally settled, it was evident at once that they were a crew of considerable promise. The President was rowing remarkably well at 5, their No. 6 (who so nearly won the Diamonds at Henley) was clearly a valuable acquisition, and in the bows and in the stern of the boat the material appeared adequate. Under the coaching of Guy Nickalls the crew for several weeks showed steady improvement. Then in quick succession five of the men went down with influenza,

and for nearly a week it was impossible to man an eight. When the crew arrived at Henley they had lost much of their previous advance, and some days passed before they began to return to form. At the end of the week, however, with the President Kirby, whose place was creditably filled by Hope, still absent, they were able to make a down-stream record for the full course from Marsh to Hambledon. This actual distance had not been covered by the fast 1897 Oxford crew, but the last twelve minutes of the row was not much outside the best performance of that exceptional eight. In the following week, rowing up-river, the stream having slackened, they very nearly equalled the best times recorded by previous Oxford eights both over the Regatta Course and the longer distance from Hambledon to the Royal. Too much attention of course should not be paid to "times", but after all they mean something, and so far these tests against the clock have been decidedly flattering to Oxford. To come to form there are obvious faults to criticise. The most noticeable are a tendency to tumble over the stretchers, and a shortness in the water due largely to the fact that the sliding is indifferent and the blades are in consequence snatched out instead of being kept driving and covered to the finish. At the same time there is much life and vigour in the work, and every man in the crew rows at least his weight. At sight the style appears curiously different from that of Cambridge, but the difference lies chiefly in the fact that the two crews fall short of a common ideal in opposite respects.

I hardly know whether it is easier or more difficult for me to speak of Cambridge than of Oxford. Of one crew I have seen too little, of the other probably too much. It is certainly the truth that if one sees a great deal of a crew one is apt to become blind, not so much to their faults in detail as to their larger merits and failings. On the other hand, coming to a crew with a fresh eye one sees a great deal in a general and less in a particular way. Particular faults one is inclined perhaps to underestimate rather than to overestimate. On Tuesday last I saw Cambridge row from Chiswick to Putney, on Thursday part of their work over the full course. Their rowing surprised me—not so much because of their merits as a crew as by reason of the great effort that they have evidently made to improve on the style of the last two years. Their form, superficially at least, resembles much more nearly that of the Cambridge crews coached by Fletcher than that of any recent eight from either Oxford or Cambridge. Admittedly the two best crews of the last fifteen years have been the Oxford eight of 1897 and that which represented Cambridge in 1900. These two were not by any means alike to look at. The chief characteristic of the 1897 Oxford crew was an immensely powerful leg-drive; whereas the Cambridge eight of 1900, while they timed their sliding beautifully and used every ounce of their weights, were less remarkable in this particular. The Cambridge crew of this year are not comparable in quality with the 1900 eight, in spite of some resemblance in style. They use their weights less effectively and are deficient in leg-drive. This I think is due rather to individual inferiority (one is comparing them with oarsmen of the highest class) than to any want of effort on the part of either coach or crew. There is a straining back with the bodies at the beginning of the stroke which suggests that they are a little too frightened of kicking their slides away, and they fail in consequence to get their legs to work quick enough. In spite of this effort to get their weights against the water at once, "the beginning," and incidentally the run of the boat, is to some extent spoilt by a quite perceptible "hang" over the stretchers. The sliding, once the stroke is started, is well-timed, and the blades are kept covered and the finish driven out much better than by the Oxford boat. Stuart does not strike one as a good stroke to build the crew on in the style adopted. At the same time he has good points, and is rowing well in his own way. His firmness of finish and ease of recovery are excellent. No. 7 is a useful oar and is rowing up to his form. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 do not seem to me up to the standard of the other men. The crew are credited

with some fast performances at Ely. Their time trials at Putney have all been fairly good without being remarkable. Hammersmith to Putney under fast conditions in 7 minutes 36 seconds is about what one would expect of a crew fairly up to the average. The same may be said of the full course in 20 minutes 5 seconds on a poor tide but with a favourable wind. To have beaten 20 minutes by an appreciable amount would have been exceptional. Chiswick to Putney in 11 minutes 54 seconds reads better than either of these. The row was on the whole a good one, and the time fast even allowing for a good ebb and a wind chiefly favourable, but it did not strike me from the rowing that the boat was at any point travelling remarkably well. The row through on the flood on Thursday last in 19 minutes 35 seconds was again a fair performance, but nothing out of the way. The wind was foul over rather more than a mile of the course and across or behind for the rest of the journey. The tide was the best of the fortnight.

On the whole I am inclined to fancy the chances of Oxford, though their rowing still leaves much room for improvement. For two-thirds of the stroke they have a better drive than Cambridge, even if they fail at the finish, and individually I think the boat contains the better men. No. 6 is undoubtedly the most powerful middle-weight who has represented Oxford since R. Carr, and No. 5 I consider the best heavy-weight oarsman now rowing. Stroke is short, but works hard, and gives the crew life and dash; bow is a full stone better than his weight; the others are all worth their places. I doubt if either crew has great pace for a short distance. I see that Cambridge are generally credited with this, but they do not appear to me to have the turn of speed possessed by either of the two previous Cambridge crews. On the other hand, because they swing and use their weights better, they should be able to keep up what pace they have longer, and should last well to the finish. Whichever crew wins I shall be surprised if it is not a very open race for at least two-thirds of the way.

REGINALD P. P. ROWE.

INFERENCES AT BRIDGE.—III.

THE best and most valuable inferences that can be drawn from the declaration are invariably negative ones, that is to say, it is not nearly so much from what the dealer declares as from what he does not declare that such inferences are to be drawn. He cannot possibly avoid giving away information in this manner. When he declares an attacking suit, such as hearts or diamonds, it does not require the wisdom of Solomon to infer that he holds pronounced strength in the suit declared, but the matter does not end with that—there is a reverse side to the medal. When the dealer, at the score of love, passes the declaration, he announces, to everybody who will listen and take heed, that he does not hold, in his own hand, either the nucleus of a No Trump call or sufficient strength to declare either hearts or diamonds. He may have protection in one or both of those suits, but he certainly has not got attacking strength in either.

The more advanced the state of the dealer's score, the more strongly does this inference apply. If he passes the declaration with his score at 18, he can see no reasonable possibility of winning two by cards on a diamond declaration. A somewhat light diamond call, which would be a very bad one at the score of love, becomes a good one with the dealer's score at 18 or over. If he leaves it to his partner when he is already 24 up, he gives you still more information. Not only does he tell you that he has not got an attacking hand on any valuable declaration, but also that he cannot see his way to two by cards in clubs, or to three in spades, with the assistance of an average hand from his partner. He may possibly be a little bit hampered by the fear of being doubled if he makes at all a doubtful declaration, but you may depend upon it that if a sound player can see a fair chance of winning the game on any declaration, red or black, he will have a go for it, regardless of consequences.

It is a very useful practice to ask yourself, at an

advanced point in the dealer's score, what declaration he ought to make, or is likely to make, or what declaration you would wish to make yourself if you were in his place, and could see a reasonable chance of winning the game on that hand. If he does not make that obvious declaration, or one of those obvious declarations, you may be quite sure that the reason for his not doing so is that the requisite materials are lacking to him. At the score of 22, the obvious declaration would be hearts or clubs. At 24, it would be either hearts or diamonds, with diamonds for choice, as there would be an equal chance of winning the game, with less danger if things went wrong. At 26 the club declaration stands out strongly, as the odd trick will win the game, and even a double will not be very expensive. At 26 or 28 an attacking spade declaration enters into the field of calculation, and a good player will never hesitate to declare spades originally, when he can see a good chance of winning the game on that declaration, quite regardless of larger chances which he may forego by so doing. When the dealer does not do any of these obvious things, there is the inference—patent to the most unobservant—that he does not possess the requisite strength.

These are the principal inferences to be drawn from the ordinary declarations by the dealer. From the declaration by the dummy there are none, as the necessary exposure of the hand at once discloses the whole situation. There remains the original black suit declaration. In these enlightened days this is, happily, of rare occurrence, especially among good players; but there are players of a timorous nature who persist in declaring spades as dealer when they have a bad hand, as a purely protective measure, and therefore the point must be considered.

When an original spade declaration is made by the dealer you are perfectly safe in inferring that he has an absolutely impotent hand. He may possibly have a considerable number of spades, such as six or seven headed by the knave or queen, but, outside the spade suit, it is an absolute certainty that he has nothing at all. It is rather a dangerous time to double on outside cards, without strength in the spade suit, but it is a very easy hand to play against. You can lead strengthening cards up to the dealer and the third player can finesse against him to any extent, knowing for certain that he has nothing of value in his hand at all. The original spade declaration is called a "defensive" measure, but it certainly puts very offensive weapons into the hands of its opponents.

An original club declaration is quite another matter. The days of defensive club declarations are past and gone. No sane person would nowadays make an original club declaration because he had a bad hand, but the declaration is occasionally made, by good players, when they have a practical certainty of the odd trick or more, with a good honour score, and they elect to take that small certainty in preference to speculating on larger but doubtful possibilities by passing to their partner. The original club declaration should only be read as great strength in the club suit, and no other card of entry. Make a special note of that—no other card of entry—otherwise the dealer would not have declared clubs, he would have declared No Trumps if his club suit was established, if not, he would have left it to his partner. There is your inference standing out, clear and well defined. The dealer has great strength in clubs, but he is practically powerless in the other three suits.

Having finished with inferences to be drawn from the declaration, I can imagine some of our bridge-playing readers saying: "This may be all very nice and very true, but we knew it all before. Tell us something that we do not know." To such I would answer: "Of course you know it. It is self-evident to anyone who will take the trouble to think about the matter at all; but do you apply it? Do you draw these inferences in actual play at the card table—do you make a mental note of them at the time—do you remember them, and do you act on them? When the dealer passes the declaration, whatever may be the state of the score, does it convey anything to you; do you try to realise, not what he has got in his hand, but what he has not got, what he cannot have; and do

you endeavour to frame your game upon the information thus acquired?"

It is no earthly use being able to draw inferences if you do not apply them and act on them. Directly the dummy hand is exposed, the knowledge of what the dealer has not got will help you enormously to guess what your partner has got, and this is the principal means by which that much-talked of counting of the cards is brought about. Take a simple instance. Suppose the dealer has not declared hearts and neither you nor the dummy hold an honour in hearts, is it not an absolute certainty that your partner must have at least two or three honours and probably more, as the dealer would certainly have declared hearts with 64 in his hand? Such inferences present themselves in almost every hand to anyone who will look for them.

W. DALTON.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND SOCIAL FLURRY.

I HAVE been reading an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on the subject of "Society and American Music", and the main drift of this article is that, not only the success, but the existence, indeed the very will to existence, of national music is due to the influence of society. Rich people, it appears, are to be persuaded that if "they withdraw their social power from an artificial situation which can hold for them but little of real life and attainment, and devote it to the satisfying of a living national need", everything that needs doing will have been done. At present, we are told, the music of Strauss and Debussy is welcomed west of the Mississippi, and American music is not. "Sane, beautiful, advanced musical art may be growing up about these western cities and towns": but where is such music, and why is it not to be found? Where it is we are not told; merely that "it has not been the occasion of the social musical flurry of the great metropolis".

Now here is a self-evident fallacy. To suggest that society, or the support of the public, can produce a single musician or encourage him to produce a single authentic work, is a form of putting the cart before the horse. Great art is produced simply out of personal impulse, and has its birth for the most part in solitude. No external aiding, no social demand, no expectant public, can have anything but a bad effect, if it has any effect at all, on a sincere artist. When the writer of this article goes further, and finds the seed ready-made in the soil; when, as he puts it, "it becomes easy and common to do well" (rare Arcadia of socially-supported music!), "there suddenly arises one who can do infinitely better, and who would never have existed except for the general culture and effort", we can but ask in wonder what notions are his of the process of germination, in no matter what soil? Every creation of a man of genius is a new, separate miracle. His age, his surroundings, may help him to a certain kind of success, may level his way before him, so that he may walk more easily to the point which he has chosen to attain. But no cultured age, no "disinterested" and magnanimous society, can so much as help in the production of a single inspiration. Blake has said the one eternal truth, which no disbelieving, no arguing against it, can do away with: "Ages are all equal; but genius is always above the age."

Mr. Farwell speaks mysteriously of unknown or unregarded American musicians who compose great works which "rise from the composer's consciousness to completion—never to performance". Do such composers exist, in a country so hospitable to art, so quick to welcome any new and genuine force? Where, among the composers who are from time to time heard in concerts, are those which are to be seen "striking high above the international average"? "The international average" is not, indeed, at the present moment very high, but where are we to find among American composers a serious rival to either of the two Europeans, Strauss and Debussy, who have caused so much "social musical flurry"? That is a question which

can be answered only by Americans, but for my part I do not believe in hidden talent. America is of all countries the least likely to contain it. The instant American acceptance of any new foreign force, while we are still hesitating about it, forbids one to imagine a new national force coming into existence and being overlooked in its own country. Here, in England, where we have so little good new music, that little has almost always its chance of being heard; and no one hints at the likelihood of any "mute inglorious Miltons" of music existing in the midst of us. We too, like America, if a little slower, are ready to welcome an accredited stranger. Sibelius, for instance, is not at all a great composer, but his music has only to find its way here from Finland, and Queen's Hall is open to it. How readily would those doors open to a great American composer! I am sure that Mr. Henry Wood, if he could procure "the scores of a certain American composer" of whom Mr. Farwell tells the lamentable tale, and if he was able to "express himself very enthusiastically, personally, concerning them", like the conductor in the tale, would not hesitate before the danger of "jeopardising the social support of his orchestra" by performing the composition.

Mr. Farwell is very discreet, but I cannot help wondering who this particular composer may be. Can it be Mr. Loeffler? A bundle of his music came to me unexpectedly from America not long since, and it interested me considerably. There was some concerted music and a number of songs, written for voice, piano and viola, a combination of instruments used by Brahms in some of his loveliest songs. The music, though distinctly influenced by Debussy and the modern French composers, had a personal note of its own. It was what Mr. Farwell calls "advanced", and it was deliberate, taking infinite trouble to search out unusual harmonies. Yet what it sought it found. The songs were Poe's, Rossetti's, Verlaine's, Baudelaire's, and Gustave Kahn's, and the choice of poems was admirable. The most flawless poem written by the finest artist among American poets, "To Helen", was set to music that was certainly an interpretation; the atmosphere was there, the austerity. Verlaine and Baudelaire were nicely distinguished, and the song of the one was given its wings, the speech of the other its sharp bitterness. And the vague colours and cadences of Gustave Kahn, who claims to have been the discoverer of the *vers libre*, were rendered with a singular fidelity. The music was full of sought-out difficulties, in the modern manner, which refuses to be simple any longer, and hunts after strangeness. It was no more human, for the most part, than the verse of Poe or of Kahn, but it had its own unusual kind of beauty, it spoke with an individual voice. I have not heard the longer pieces played on the instruments for which they were written. Why should not one of them be tried at some concert, so that we might hear at least so interesting a specimen of American music?

I was complaining here, not long since, of my disappointment at missing the "Apprenti Sorcier" of Dukas at one of the Queen's Hall concerts. Since then I have read, in the last number of the "Mercure de France" (the most artistic and instructive review which exists anywhere) an article on "Le Mouvement Symboliste et la Musique", by Edouard Dujardin, the founder, in 1885, of the "Revue Wagnérienne", a learned and enthusiastic amateur of music. It is a fervent eulogy of the "Ariane" of Dukas, which seems to Dujardin the finest and most serious musical drama which has been written since Wagner. His preference of it to Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" recalls to me a letter which I received last May from an English friend in Paris who had seen both of them for the first time, and who wrote: "There can scarcely be any doubt that the 'Ariane' is in every respect finer, as well as more modern, than the 'Pelléas'." The stage-effects at the Opéra-Comique, I read in a notice of the performance, were new and lovely: "on ne pouvait réaliser plus féeriquement que M. Carré ne l'a fait cette féerie philosophique". Well, "Ariane", which a few good judges have rated so highly, has made no popular success. The reason assigned by M. Dujardin is instructive, and may be set over against the view which we have seen taken by the American critic. "Le

succès immédiat", he reminds us, "n'a jamais été du premier coup aux chefs-d'œuvre; il s'obtient de deux façons: ou bien en flattant les goûts de la multitude, ainsi qu'a fait l'autre 'Ariane', la petite, l'enfant de Massenet; ou bien en flattant les goûts d'un groupe, d'une aristocratie quelconque, d'un cénacle, c'est-à-dire le snobisme de quelques-uns, et c'est ce qu'a fait, certes sans le vouloir, Claude Debussy, et, certes en le voulant, Richard Strauss." "Il arrive", we are told further, "qu'en le voulant ou en ne le voulant pas on excite la curiosité, l'enthousiasme d'un groupe. . . . 'Ariane', dans la pure beauté grecque de son nom, a passé au-dessus des snobs." Or, in Mr. Farwell's words, "it has not been the occasion of the social musical flurry of the great metropolis". But the wise Dujardin exults, where the carefully calculating Mr. Farwell laments.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.

THERE has been a notable increase lately in writings of a confidential and "intime" kind. Mr. Compton Leith's "Apologia Diffidentis"* is a very finished product of the introspective school. The book has high literary merit; the style is full of melody and colour, and the rich dreamy sentences rise into the air like wreaths of fragrant incense-smoke. But there is an inner charm as well; the book comes, one feels, from the heart, and is the expression of a refined and tender nature, forced, or at all events believing itself forced, into a reluctant renunciation of the very qualities which lend to life its inner glow: and thus the whole book is invested by a deep pathos, the pathos of the fate, whatever its ultimate significance may be, that so often gives a man or a woman the materials for happiness, and then just prevents the conscious realisation of that happiness, or vitiates the quality of it by the admixture of some subtle ingredient of pain or dissatisfaction.

Of course there are innumerable healthy and wholesome-minded people in the world, to whom such experience is practically unknown, people who take things as they come, and do not trouble to stop and inquire whether they are happy or no. Such natures as these are not even made self-conscious by suffering or grief. For them the troubles of life even provide an anodyne against self-tormenting reflection, just as the homely American saying declares that fleas are good for a dog, because they keep him from thinking too much about being a dog.

On the other hand, there are many human beings who are cursed or blessed, as the case may be, with what is called the artistic temperament. If this temperament finds facile and constant expression, and justifies itself by success in some province of art, the result is often a very happy one. Such a nature is kept sound and sane by its chosen work, which is also its greatest pleasure; it multiplies relations with others, it receives and enjoys a thousand subtle impressions from nature, books, friendship and art. Such a one, like Landor, may warm both hands before the fire of life. But it is not so with the inferior artistic temperaments, of whom it was perhaps a little cynically said that the net result is a great deal of temperament and very little art—there are many sensitive people, in the wrong setting, among uncongenial associates, tortured by ambitions which they cannot hope to realise, and by thoughts to which they cannot give utterance.

The writer of "Apologia Diffidentis" is not one of the latter; his love of Nature and of literature is deep and perceptive; his power of expression is great and of real poetical quality. But in his case the glow and zest of life are quenched and chilled by the sense of an incommunicable isolation. The book is not an egoistical one, for all its self-consciousness; there is little self-pity about it; almost the only touch of moral weakness is the too facile self-abandonment with which the writer seems to accept his doom. He uses the word "shyness" to describe the quality which divides him from his kind, and the result is a certain weakening of effect, because the word is hardly strong enough to

bear the poignancy of meaning, the unhappy significance with which it is here charged. Shyness, in ordinary language, is a social, a trivial thing, not wholly unpleasing in its appropriate setting, and often standing for a due and decent modesty of demeanour. But the quality which divides a man from the fellowship of men is something much deeper and more tragic, a reluctant coldness which freezes the warmest contact, a sensitiveness which shrinks back aghast from the most delicate touch. The author unconsciously illustrates this when in an ingenious passage he speaks of women disliking shyness, and meting out to it "a bitter and intolerable measure of disdain". This is not true of what is ordinarily known as shyness, for there is nothing to which women are more tender, or which they condone more readily. So, too, when he speaks of "the intimidating indifference" of the Englishman he is really reading his own isolation into what is after all only a superficial bluntness. What repels women and men alike is an aloofness of attitude, an incapacity to enter into simple and spontaneous relations—a want of humanity in fact.

And then in words and phrases of curious and haunted beauty this sad soul traces its attempt to find comfort in nature, in stoicism, in metaphysics—but the hollow places underfoot give back a dubious sound. And so the pathetic pilgrimage draws to an end, and leaves one with the sense that however brave and high-minded the attempt has been, to win a peace which the world denies, it is not a real solution that has been arrived at:—

"Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love."

And then arises the further question: To what extent is literature of this kind—for it is, after all is said, of a pathological type—desirable; to what extent is it even artistic?

The latter point may be dealt with first. Its artistic rightness depends solely upon the manner of presentment. There is no sort of reason why a problem of this mournful and intimate kind should not form the basis of a work of art; indeed, the more subtle and refined a problem is, the more scope it gives for artistic treatment. What is the Book of Job, what is "Hamlet", after all, but introspective literature? "Hamlet" indeed owes its unassailable sway over the mind to the fact that it holds up a mirror to the secret failures in moral courage in the case of all who find circumstances too strong.

Again, we may ask whether such books are desirable. And here again much depends upon the treatment. So long as a piece of introspective literature is not a mere blabbing of secrets, a weak personal appeal for sympathy, but a sincere attempt to present and to meet a delicate moral problem, it may minister, if not strength, at least consolation to other souls who feel their loneliness in circumstances which, rightly or wrongly, have taken on a tragic tinge. It is true that the normally healthy person desires sympathy in prosperity rather than in adversity; in adversity he resents compassion, and only desires that his burden should be lifted; but the fact remains that the faculty of self-tormenting is far from being an ignoble thing. It is a fruitless thing enough when a man is solely pre-occupied with his own misfortunes; but when a temperament finds food for infinite melancholy in the failures and affliction of others, as Ruskin, for instance, did, it may be morbid, but it is essentially a noble madness. Nothing that enlarges our sympathies, that makes us feel, that arouses in us sorrow and compassion, is thrown away, unless such emotions are enjoyed in a purely artistic and luxurious mood, to heighten the sense of our own security. There is no need, of course, for healthy natures to plunge themselves into the contemplation of morbid griefs; but few of us can escape from the dominion of suffering at some time or another; and if there is any significance at all in the scheme of things, we may feel sure that not the least significant of the elements which make up the sum of human experiences is the sad and stern fibre of suffering which seems so wholly alien from our natures, which we would banish from our own lives, and from the lives of all humanity, if we could; the cause and necessity of which no philosopher has ever yet explained;

* London: Lane. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

and which does yet in so many cases produce such sweet and wholesome fruit. We may not profit by needlessly dwelling on the problem of suffering, but we profit still less if we attempt to ignore it; and thus introspective literature, which is often the literature of suffering, has its own place; the tendency to dwell on the problem unduly is perhaps a temptation of an over-sensitive age; but it is also an attempt to face the deepest mystery of life, and to pierce the shadow which surrounds us.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

TICKLED GROUNDINGS.

A STRANGE thing happened at the Lyceum Theatre some nights ago (and happens, I suppose, nightly). The twilight of dawn had crept into Juliet's bed-chamber, and envious streaks had laced the severing clouds in yonder east, and the nurse had announced the approach of Lady Capulet, and all was as it should be, till Romeo, claiming the one more kiss before his flight, clasped Juliet in his arms and kissed her; whereat the audience howled with laughter for several seconds. Shade of Henry Irving!

I have often heard that in the provinces no audience can be depended on not to laugh at sight of an embrace. More than once have I myself seen a provincial audience thus convulsed. And again and again have I tried to account to myself for the mysterious phenomenon. In a recent essay Mr. Chesterton chid me for lack of sympathy with the humour of the multitude. He wished me democratic enough to see the point of jokes about bad cheese, mothers-in-law, and other traditional themes; and he eloquently insisted that in all such jokes there was a grand spiritual significance. I have no doubt there is. But just exactly what, I wonder, is the grand spiritual truth signified when an audience laughs at sight of a kiss? Just exactly where does the joke come in? Of course, a kiss may happen, in this and that special case, to be funny. When Bess Crashaw kisses Sir Harry Trimshanks, for example, it is natural that we should laugh, since the whole comedy is so constructed as to hinge on her vow that she never would kiss him—"no, not though all the ladies in Bath should supplicate for him". But when two young tragic lovers are clasped in each other's arms to exchange a kiss which may be, for aught they know (and, as we know, is), their last, I ignominiously admit myself baffled by the subtlety of the joke. I should, of course, be able to join in the general merriment if the actor and actress impersonating the lovers did not rise to the solemnity of the occasion. I should laugh if they exchanged a resounding kiss, or if, in excess of energy, they lost their balance and rolled over. I assure Mr. Chesterton I am quite democratic enough for that. He blames me for not being keen on "the joke about a man sitting down in the street". Certainly, that joke leaves me cold, unless there is some special incongruity between the man and the accident. That accident would be specially incongruous with the farewell of Romeo and Juliet, and so would make me laugh despite myself. But on the night of my visit to the Lyceum there was in the demeanour of the two lovers nothing to make their leave-taking ridiculous—to me. They embraced without more or less than the requisite fervour. And when, a few moments after the roars of laughter had subsided, Romeo climbed over the balustrade and was lost to view, the audience testified with extremely loud cheers its approval of his acting. Juliet, when the curtain fell, had a not less stentorian ovation. It is possible that the audience's enthusiasm was meant, not for the manner in which Shakespeare's genius had been interpreted, but for the pluck of a lady and gentleman who had not flinched from making themselves supremely ridiculous in public. But I am still left wondering why the exchange of a kiss is considered funny. One possible solution I perceive dimly. The English are a reserved race, and, as compared with Southern races, sentimental rather than passionate in the relations of the sexes. It is natural that any strong ebullition of passion should appear to them ridiculous. The great success of the Sicilian players here was mainly due to the fact that to

the majority of English people they appeared ridiculous. At the Shaftesbury Theatre, of course, the audiences did not laugh outright. The usual prices were charged for admission, and the audiences were of the typical metropolitan kind. But at the Lyceum the prices have been reduced, with the result that quite another kind of public comes flocking in—a simpler, less self-conscious set of people, who guffaw when so disposed. They would have apoplectically died, I am quite sure, if they had seen the Sicilians. I fancy the shade of Henry Irving is lamenting that they were spared to visit the Lyceum.

From their point of view, this production of "Romeo and Juliet" leaves nothing at all to be desired. It has been done in just the right way to "knock 'em". I like the vitality of it, the jolly good will of it, very much indeed. The garishness of it does not so directly appeal to me. I do not ask for half-tones. Vivid colour is right for mediæval Italy. Some of the out-door scenes are quite satisfactorily presented. But it is a shock to find Capulet's hall so very like a ballroom of the Second Empire. And a similar note of garishness is struck continually in the stage-management. The spirit of chromo-lithography is pervasive. At the end of the balcony-scene, Romeo is left posturing in precisely the attitude of an acrobat kissing his hand to an audience. Even worse is the tableau at the end of the scene in Friar Laurence's cell. Apparently the marriage ceremony is about to be performed in the cell itself; and the two lovers approach the priest with measured tread, their hands linked high in air, as though they were dancing a minuet, Juliet staring open-mouthed at Romeo as though she were sure she had met him somewhere but couldn't for the life of her "place" him. And even worse than that is what happens after Juliet has drunk the potion. Down and up goes the curtain, and enter, with beaming faces, several young ladies attired as bride's-maids, and carrying white flowers. They approach the bed softly. The face of their leader suddenly ceases to beam. Something is wrong. She says nothing—because, I suppose, the managers of the Lyceum, Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, have not been able to agree as to just what Shakespeare would have made her say—but it is evident that she thinks the worst. "O Juliet, Juliet, Juliet, thou art dead" is the language of her eyes. Her companions are deeply, though noiselessly, affected. But in the midst of their grief a brilliant idea occurs to them. The flowers that were to have been for the wedding will come in equally well for the funeral. So, one by one, the young ladies deposit their floral offerings on the bed, and I am quite sure there is not a dry eye among the people who thought the lovers' kiss so awfully funny. Miss Nora Kerin's performance is not such as to accentuate the incongruity of this interpolation. She seems to be rather lacking in poetic imagination. She is an experienced and competent young actress, and knows all the usual recipes for simulating high spirits, the dawn of love, yearning, horror, desperation, and the various other moods that Juliet has to run through. All these moods she simulates with neatness and despatch, pleasantly, effectively enough never to forfeit an ovation when the curtain falls between her and the new Lyceum audience. But there is not one moment in which I have either an illusion of Juliet or a distinct impression of Miss Kerin. Mr. Matheson Lang, on the other hand, is a really romantic Romeo. Professional experience weighs lightly on him, and he suggests the youngness of Romeo's spirit better than I have seen it suggested by any other actor. He has evidently thought the part out, and he feels it out; and his lapses, I imagine, are not his own fault, but the fault of the stage-management. As character-drawing, there is nothing in all Shakespeare more exquisite than Mercutio's facing of death. Mercutio is just annoyed, exasperated, by the stupid untimeliness of the fluke. Mr. Eric Mayne conveys that with just the gallant lightness that the pathos needs. My regret that I cannot praise any other member of the cast is tempered by the fact that every one of them is wildly applauded by the audience.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE LORD OF CITIES.

I CAME one day upon a road that wandered so aimlessly that it was suited to my mood, so I followed it, and it led me presently among deep woods. Somewhere in the midst of them autumn held his court, sitting wreathed with gorgeous garlands; and it was the day before his annual festival of the dance of leaves, the courtly festival upon which hungry winter rushes mob-like and there arise the furious cries of the north wind triumphing, and all the splendour and grace of the woods is gone, and autumn flees away, disrowned, forgotten, and never again returns. Other autumns arise, other autumns, and fall before other winters. A road went away to the left, but my road led straight on. The road to the left had a trodden appearance; there were wheel tracks on it, and it seemed the correct way to take. It looked as if no one could have any business with the road that led straight on and up the hill. Therefore I went straight on and up the hill, and here and there on the road grew blades of grass undisturbed in the repose and hush that the road had earned from going up and down the world; for you can go by this road, as you can go by all roads, to London, to Lincoln, to the north of Scotland, to the west of Wales, and to Wrellisford where roads end. Presently the woods ended and I came to the open fields and at the same moment to the top of the hill, and saw the high places of Somerset and the downs of Wilts spread out along the horizon. Suddenly I saw underneath me the village of Wrellisford, with no sound in its street but the voice of the Wrellis roaring as he tumbled over a weir above the village. So I followed my road down over the crest of the hill, and the road became more languid as I descended and less and less concerned with the cares of a highway. Here a spring broke out in the middle of it and here another. The road never heeded. A stream ran right across it; still it straggled on. Suddenly it gave up the minimum property that a road should possess, and, renouncing its connexion with High Streets, its lineage of Piccadilly, shrank to one side and became an unpretentious footpath. Then it led me to the old bridge over the stream, and thus I came to Wrellisford, and found after travelling in many lands a village with no wheel tracks in its street. On the other side of the bridge my friend the road struggled a few yards up a grassy slope and there ceased. Over all the village hung a great stillness with the roar of the Wrellis cutting right across it, and there came occasionally the bark of a dog that kept watch over the broken stillness and over the sanctity of that untravelled road. That terrible and wasting fever that, unlike so many plagues, comes not from the East but from the West, the fever of hurry, had not come here—only the Wrellis hurried on his eternal quest, but it was a calm and placid hurry that gave one time for song. It was in the early afternoon and nobody was about. Either they worked beyond the mysterious valley that nursed Wrellisford and hid it from the world, or else they secluded themselves within their old-time houses that were roofed with tiles of stone. I sat down upon the old stone bridge and watched the Wrellis, who seemed to me to be the only traveller that came from far away into this village where roads end and passed on beyond it; and yet the Wrellis comes singing out of eternity and tarries for a very little while in the village where roads end and passes on into eternity again, and so, surely, do all that dwell in Wrellisford. I wondered as I leaned upon the bridge in what place the Wrellis would first find the sea, whether as he wound idly through meadows on his long quest he would suddenly behold him, and leaping down over some rocky cliff take to him at once the message of the hills. Or whether, widening slowly into some grand and tidal estuary, he would take his waste of waters to the sea, and the might of the river should meet with the might of the waves, like to two emperors clad in gleaming mail meeting midway between two hosts of war, and the little Wrellis would become a haven for returning ships and a setting-out place for adventurous men.

A little beyond the bridge there stood an old mill with a ruined roof, and a small branch of the Wrellis rushed through its emptiness shouting, like a boy

playing alone in a corridor of some desolate house. The mill wheel was gone, but there lay there still great bars and wheels and cogs, the bones of some dead industry. I know not what industry was once lord in that house, I know not what retinue of workers mourns him now, I only know who is lord there to-day in all those empty chambers. For as soon as I entered I saw a whole wall draped with his marvellous black tapestry, without price because inimitable and too delicate to pass from hand to hand among merchants. I looked at the wonderful complexity of its infinite threads, my finger sank into it for more than an inch without feeling the touch; so black it was and so carefully wrought, sombrely covering the whole of the wall, that it might have been worked to commemorate the deaths of all that ever lived there, as indeed it was. I looked through a hole in the wall into an inner chamber where a worn-out driving band went among many wheels, and there this priceless inimitable stuff not merely clothed the walls but hung from bars and ceiling in beautiful draperies, in marvellous festoons. Nothing was ugly in this desolate house, for the busy artist's soul of its present lord had beautified everything in its desolation. It was the unmistakeable work of the spider, in whose house I was, and the house was utterly desolate but for him and silent but for the roar of the Wrellis and the shout of the little stream. Then I turned homewards; and as I went up and over the hill and lost the sight of the village I saw the road whiten and harden and gradually broaden out till the tracks of wheels appeared, and it went afar to take the young men of Wrellisford into the wide ways of the earth, to the new West and the mysterious East and into the troubled South.

And that night when the house was still and sleep was far off, hushing hamlets and giving ease to cities, my fancy wandered up that aimless road and came suddenly to Wrellisford. And it seemed to me that the travelling of so many people for so many years between Wrellisford and John o' Groat's, talking to one another as they went or muttering alone, had given the road a voice. And it seemed to me that night that the road spoke to the river by Wrellisford bridge, speaking with the voice of many pilgrims. And the road said to the river: "I rest here. How is it with you?"

And the river, who is always speaking, said: "I rest nowhere from doing the Work of the World. I carry the murmur of inner lands to the sea, and to the abysses voices of the hills."

"It is I", said the road, "that do the Work of the World, and take from city to city the rumour of each. There is nothing higher than Man and the making of cities. What do you do for Man?"

And the river said: "Beauty and song are higher than Man. I carry the news seaward of the first song of the thrush after the furious retreat of winter northward, and the first timid anemone learns from me that she is safe and that spring has truly come. O! but the song of all the birds in spring is more beautiful than Man, and the first coming of the hyacinth more delectable than his face. When spring is fallen upon the days of summer I carry away with mournful joy at night petal by petal the rhododendron's bloom. No lit procession of purple kings is nigh so fair as that. No beautiful death of well-beloved men hath such a glory of forlornness. And I bear far away the pink and white petals of the apple blossom's youth when the laborious time comes for his work in the world and for the bearing of apples. And I am robbed each day and every night anew with the beauty of heaven, and I make lovely visions of the trees. But Man! What is Man? In the ancient parliament of the elder hills, when the grey ones speak together, they say nought of Man but concern themselves only with their brethren the stars. Or, when they wrap themselves in purple cloaks at evening, they lament some old irreparable wrong or, uttering some mountain hymn, all mourn the set of sun."

"Your beauty", said the road, "and the beauty of the sky and of the rhododendron blossom and of spring live only in the mind of Man, and except in the mind of Man the mountains have no voices. Nothing is beautiful that has not been seen by Man's eye. Or if

your rhododendron blossom was beautiful for a moment it soon withered and was drowned, and spring soon passes away; beauty can only live on in the mind of Man. I bring thought into the mind of Man swiftly from distant places every day. I know the Telegraph, I know him well, he and I have walked for hundreds of miles together. There is no work in the world except for Man and the making of his cities. I take wares to and fro from city to city."

"My little stream in the field there", said the river, "used to make wares in that house for a while once."

"Ah!" said the road, "I remember; but I brought cheaper ones from distant cities. Nothing is of any importance but making cities for Man."

"I know so little about him", said the river; "but I have a great deal of work to do: I have all this water to send down to the sea, and then to-morrow or next day all the leaves of autumn will be coming this way. It will be very beautiful. The sea is a very, very wonderful place. I know all about it; I have heard shepherd boys singing of it, and sometimes before a storm the gulls come up. It is a place all blue and shining and full of pearls, and has in it coral islands and isles of spice, and storms and galleons and the bones of Drake. The sea is much greater than Man. When I come to the sea he will know that I have worked well for him. But I must hurry, for I have much to do. This bridge delays me a little; some day I will carry it away."

"O, you must not do that," said the road.

"O, not for a long time," said the river. "Some centuries perhaps, and I have much to do besides. There is my song to sing for instance, and that alone is more beautiful than any noise that Man makes."

"All work is for Man", said the road, "and for the building of cities. There is no beauty or romance or mystery in the sea except for the men that sail abroad upon it and for those that stay at home and dream of them. As for your song, it rings night and morning, year in, year out, in the ears of men that are born in Wrethford; at night it is part of their dreams, at morning it is the voice of day, and so it becomes part of their souls. But the song is not beautiful in itself. I take these men with your song in their souls up over the edge of the valley and a long way off beyond, and I am a strong and dusty road up there, and they go with your song in their souls and turn it into music and gladden cities. But nothing is the Work of the World except work for Man."

"I wish I was quite sure about the Work of the World", said the stream; "I wish I knew for certain for whom we work. I feel almost sure that it is for the sea. He is very great and beautiful. I think that there can be no greater master than the sea. I think that some day he may be so full of romance and mystery and sound of sheep-bells and murmur of mist-hidden hills, which we streams shall have brought him, that there will be no more music or beauty left in the world, and all the world will end; and perhaps the streams shall gather at the last, we all together to the sea. Or perhaps the sea will give us at the last unto each one his own again, giving back all that he has garnered in the years, the little petals of the apple-blossom and the mourned ones of the rhododendron, and our old visions of the trees and sky—so many memories have left the hills. But who may say? For who knows the tides of the sea?"

"Be sure that it is all for Man," said the road—"for Man and the making of cities."

Something had come near on utterly silent feet.

"Peace, peace," it said. "You disturb the queenly night, who, having come into this valley, is a guest in my dark halls. Let us have an end to this discussion." It was the spider who spoke. "The Work of the World is the making of cities and palaces. But it is not for Man. What is Man? He only prepares my cities for me and mellows them. All his works are ugly; his richest tapestries are coarse and clumsy. He is a noisy idler. He only protects me from mine enemy the wind; and the beautiful work in my cities, the curving outlines and the delicate weavings, is all mine. Ten years to a hundred it takes to build a city; for five or six hundred more it mellows and is prepared for me; then I inhabit it and hide away all that is ugly,

and draw beautiful lines about it to and fro. There is nothing so beautiful as cities and palaces; they are the loveliest places in the world, because they are the stillest and so most like the stars. They are noisy at first for a little before I come to them, they have ugly corners not yet rounded off, and coarse tapestries; and then they become ready for me and my exquisite work, and are quite silent and beautiful; and there I entertain the queenly nights when they come there jewelled with stars, and all their train of silence, and regale them with costly dust. Already nods, in a city that I wot of, a lonely sentinel whose lords are dead, who grows too old and sleepy to drive away the gathering silence that infests the streets: to-morrow I go to see if he be still at his post. For me Babylon was built, and rocky Tyre, and still men build my cities. All the Work of the World is the making of cities, and all of them I inherit."

DUNSANY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD CROMER AND GORDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 Washington House, Basil Street, S.W.,
14 March, 1908.

SIR,—I was very glad to see Mr. Stead's letter in your edition of to-day, it does honour alike to the writer and the Editor.

There is a sweet unreasonableness about Mr. Stead which makes one love him, whilst disagreeing with him on almost every subject under Heaven.

When he writes on such a matter as the above one feels that he is a friend.

Now condemn, I write the longer form of the word on account of the (Nonconformist) angels, a friend who reasons.

Friendship is absolute. That is why it is so rare a thing in this country of compromise.

One uses the compromise but despises the compromiser, in the same way that one profits by the treason and hangs the traitor if one gets the chance.

I agree with Mr. Stead that Lord Cromer's attack upon a man long dead under heroic circumstances, for whose death and failure he, as Mr. Stead points out, was more responsible than Mr. Gladstone, is incredibly mean.

His grudging acknowledgments of Gordon's nobility of character, which appear to you "high tribute", to me seem even meaner than his outspoken attacks.

What could this official, this opponent of old-age pensions who has just pocketed one for himself, possibly understand of the character of such a man as Gordon?

That Lord Cromer up to three or four years ago did good work in Egypt no one can deny.

But he overstayed his time in that country.

A new state of things had arisen during the last few years of his administration, which he did not understand.

He would have been better advised had he avoided controversial matter in his book.

In the able series of letters which Mr. Blunt is now publishing in the "Academy", he is proving to demonstration that Lord Cromer is and was entirely ignorant (not oblivious) of native opinion in regard to the British occupation in Egypt.

His ignorance on this point makes one inclined to doubt whether he had taken the trouble to look below the obvious failings of General Gordon's official demeanour and endeavour to comprehend his real worth.

Could he in fact ever have done so, as the gulf between the able administrator and the mere man of genius is unfathomable?

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.,
14 March, 1908.

SIR,—In your footnote to my letter you remark that it is grotesque to say that Lord Cromer calumniates the memory of Gordon. I suppose we must be allowed to differ as to what constitutes a calumny. But I

venture to think that you would not exactly rejoice over "a high tribute" to your "nobility of mind" if it were coupled by an elaborate and malignant effort to represent you as one who had subordinated the interests of his country to his personal opinions, and had not even tried to do his duty. If I were to say you were the most magnanimous and public-spirited of all men, but that you had betrayed your trust, would you think my remarks "a high tribute" or a calumny?

I am yours truly,
WILLIAM T. STEAD.

CATTLE DRIVING AND CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Patrick's Day, 1908.

SIR,—I should not wish to intervene in the argument between my acquaintance "Pat" and my acquaintance Mr. Stephen Gwynn on a subject on which they are both well informed, "Pat" as an observer on the spot and Mr. Gwynn as an advocate of cattle driving.

But Mr. Gwynn's letter in the REVIEW of the 14th illustrates so remarkably the process of thought in the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary mind that I must ask leave to analyse it.

The great difficulty of Mr. Redmond's party is that they have to keep up a quasi-alliance with English Liberals (having drifted into the position that the only cure for the evils existing in Ireland is to be found in legislative action by the Imperial Parliament), while at the same time they dare not repudiate the support of extreme separatists in Ireland and America. Let us see how Mr. Gwynn faces this difficulty.

"Remedial legislation", he says, "can be obtained from any English Government, Conservative or Liberal", only by "tumultuous methods of action".

Very well: let us pretend that this dictum accurately covers the Balfour and Wyndham remedial legislation, and let us apply it to the case of Mr. Birrell.

Mr. Birrell on taking office found a condition of affairs in parts of Connaught and Leinster which (according to the Nationalists) required remedial legislation: large graziers occupied a great deal of land, while small would-be graziers had very little land. A Royal Commission was studying the problem of agrarian congestion. Mr. Birrell drafted a Bill for establishing an Irish Council which Irish Nationalists finally said they did not want, but he did nothing in the matter of grazing-lands.

Then cattle driving began, and soon became so serious that it was necessary to stop it, either by punishing or by bribing its instigators. But it was impossible to punish them without invoking the special powers of the Crimes Act, and Mr. Birrell refused to put this Act into operation. So Mr. Birrell "declared that it was his intention to press on that further measure of land purchase which was the object of cattle driving". He also "staked his political existence on the fulfilling of that promise which his Government had made in regard to a University Bill".

It then became the obvious policy of Irishmen who desired either compulsory land purchase, or a new University, or both (that is to say, Nationalist politicians and Roman Catholic priests) to discountenance "tumultuous methods". So we find the priests declaring for the first time that cattle driving is essentially wrong, and the politicians announcing that for the moment it has become impolitic. Accordingly there is a lull in cattle driving. "It was dropped from a sense of public policy." And why? "Because an English Minister, by his courage and his consistency, succeeded in gaining from Ireland some measure of trust."

But where does either courage or consistency enter into Mr. Birrell's action (except that he has consistently opposed the use of the Crimes Act)?

For, by Mr. Gwynn's showing, Mr. Birrell has acted exactly like all other English Ministers; he has been driven to propose remedial legislation by the usual "tumultuous methods".

Mr. Gwynn would, in fact, destroy his whole case (that Englishmen must be bullied into granting reforms) by seriously maintaining that Mr. Birrell is an exception.

This theory is a mere pretence, for he naïvely explains that the courageous and consistent Mr. Birrell has been bullied into his present attitude. If Mr. Birrell had been trustworthy from the first, what possible excuse could be offered for cattle driving?

Yours &c.,
EUMAEUS.

THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Temple, 12 March, 1908.

SIR,—The publication of the text of the Licensing Bill only confirms the opinion formed from Mr. Asquith's speech on the introduction of that measure. One thing is clear; the extremists have prevailed all along the line. The general effect of the Bill, if it became law, would operate to restrict in every possible way the sale and consumption of liquor in places under the control of the police, but would yet leave practically untouched the free sale of liquor in clubs. Such restrictions as the Bill imposes on clubs are pettily vexatious without being in the least effective; and it is absurd to suggest that annual registration and the occasional visits of a plain-clothes policeman can in any way control their members. The reason is not far to seek. While the brewery interest is inevitably against the present Government, clubs contain thousands of their supporters. Party enemies may be plundered with impunity, but nothing must be done to alienate the support of friends. That Mr. Leif Jones and his friends can accept a Bill of the kind shows—to put it no stronger—the elasticity of their consciences. Apart from its unblushing confiscatory proposals, which are patent to all, the Bill metes out a curious and illogical mixture of treatment to licensing justices. Obviously it is feared that the justices may not carry out completely the reduction proposals, hence an expensive official Commission, with extensive over-riding powers, to keep them up to the mark. Again, though fourteen years is to be the time-limit and the extent of reduction fixed, yet the justices are to be permitted to make still further reductions below the statutory limit. Justices, too, cannot be trusted as to new licences, so the sacred principle of local option is invoked. Closing on Sundays and polling days, "long pulls" and barmaids are left to the tender discretion of local justices. Surely such questions are of important policy and worthy of general statutory treatment. Under the 1904 Act reductions are going on at the rate of over a thousand a year, and no case has been made for upsetting a settlement which while diminishing drinking temptations, does so at the cost of the trade alone. The desire to punish the brewer is evidently keener than that to promote temperance, and the fanatics have never forgiven the late Government for passing an Act which does not embody this vindictiveness. That the Government know a Bill so extreme as this can never become law is probably the very reason for its introduction. It is an easy way of satisfying visionaries who believe that human nature is capable of statutory alteration. Another election pledge is redeemed and another section of supporters cease from troubling.

I am, Sir,
G. E.

THE CROFTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 Hart Street, Southport,
16 March, 1908.

SIR,—With respect to your criticism of the Scottish Land Bill, I thought your remarks anent Crofters harsh and sweeping when applied to Scotch peasants generally. In the Highlands the feudal system and all that this means prevailed until a very late period, and now they suffer from the harsh terms of tenure.

In the great evictions during the last century the northern counties were almost denuded of inhabitants, so that even now but one-fourth of the acreage is under cultivation, and in the county of Sutherland but 2·4 of its area is cultivated.

Now land is unlike any other commodity, it cannot be doubled, its area is always restricted, and when one person owns forty square miles of land he cannot devote it to sport &c. without causing thousands to suffer; seeing therefore we can't class land like a commercial product, the nation should guard it as an asset for the food of the community.

You certainly do advocate social reform to better the condition of the poor labouring man, and so do many of wealth and title, but they never formulate any scheme; well, the last Bill was a something, if crude; no doubt it would have touched vested interests, but he is a poor sort of Englishman that can't sacrifice a little for the good of his country.

I remain yours truly,
RICHARD BARNES.

GERMAN SHIPPING COMPETITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Deerswell, Paignton, South Devon,
17 March, 1908.

SIR,—In the interest of our reputation as "Leading Lady" on the sea, if not in that of the shipping companies primarily concerned, will you permit me to quote the remarks of a friend with whom I had remonstrated on voyaging in a German when a British vessel was available? Writing from Ceylon he says:

"From all I hear around me in the matter of steam packet lines, those who have tried the German vow they will always take them if possible; the principal, if not the only, reasons given being the 'washing' (done on board) and facility for getting at baggage on voyage—two matters, one would think, that could as easily be arranged for on the British as on the German lines. It is a great pity that the British are allowing themselves to be cut out by the foreigner through neglect of such small details."

I can only echo and endorse these words, commending them to the consideration alike of directors and shareholders.

Yours truly,
MORRIS BENT.

THREE-HANDED BRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 March, 1908.

SIR,—I have followed with much interest the correspondence on "Three-handed Bridge". To my mind the unsatisfactory point about dummy's declaration is that he cannot say No Trumps unless he has three aces. This rule prevents the declaration of many sound No Trumpers. Would it not be more satisfactory if dummy followed John Doe's definition of a No Trumps hand: "A hand which has a queen, king or ace in excess of its fair share, and three suits guarded"? It is rather hard to have spades declared on a hand containing, say, two aces, four kings and three queens, and all suits guarded.

Yours truly,
CHICANE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 March, 1908.

SIR,—May the "neophyte" whose "ridiculous" suggestion as to Three-handed Bridge has brought "No Trumps" down upon him with the sweeping self-confidence of his pseudonym venture to reply that he is so obtuse as to remain unconvinced even by Mr. Dalton's admirable and judicial letter?

"No Trumps" is evidently a master of many games with whose penalties he is yet apparently quite familiar. I would point out to him that when a man is "snookered" or "bunkered" skill may get him out of his difficulty. When he is playing three-handed Bridge he is more dependent on sheer luck as the game is at present played than is usual even with cards.

Mr. Dalton thinks my suggestion would make a game too one-sided to be worth playing at all. Except to pass the time when all else fails I am inclined to think that is too often a very fair description of it under existing laws.

My point is that if the call is left to dummy and dummy's longest suit is, say, four hearts or diamonds to the eight or ten, the call should be spades. There should be no question of a dealer's likes or dislikes. If he has in his own hand strength in a red suit he would call that suit: he leaves it to dummy because he does not want to declare a black suit himself.

If he had five small hearts or diamonds the extra trump would make all the difference. What one wants to do is to put the dummy call on the basis of intelligence, and intelligence on a left call would never give a red suit on four small ones. At present at three-handed bridge you have to play spades whatever the score. I should estop the advantage to the dealer, which, Mr. Dalton says, is already over-great, by not playing the spade call on a left hand, unless it were doubled, in those cases where spades were not the longest suit.

In other words the obligation would be on the dealer not having called from the longest suit to throw down his hand when spades were not doubled. If spades were the longest suit, then they would be played whether doubled or not. Supposing the dealer himself held all the strength in spades, he would, by not calling dummy's longest and weakest suit, derive the enormous advantage of two!

Perhaps if "No Trumps" will give up his superior airs, and think out my proposition in the light of his great knowledge of the game, he will see that my suggestion is not so ridiculous after all.

Yours truly,
OBSERVER.

CRITICS AND BOOKSELLERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 King William Street, Strand, W.C.
18 March, 1908.

SIR,—The reason we fitted Mr. Vivian's cap to our head was because there was no doubt for whom it was intended. The letter from Mr. Vivian which appeared in your issue of 7 March was printed also in the "Academy" with the addition of our name.

As regards our "responsibility" for editorial comments in the "Imp", we were not referring to legal liability. No doubt the publisher of the SATURDAY REVIEW is legally liable for all that appears in your Review, but you would scarcely hold him responsible in any other way for the views you choose to express.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
GREENING & CO., LTD.

TAPESTRIES IN THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Library, House of Lords,
14 March, 1908.

SIR,—In the course of Mr. Laurence Binyon's interesting article, in your issue of to-day, on the Decoration of the Palace of Westminster, he says that Mr. Norman Shaw is "emphatic against tapestry, as being sure to perish rapidly".

The opinion of Mr. Norman Shaw must always be received with great respect, but surely he has forgotten that the principal artistic injury which the old House of Lords endured when it was burned in 1834 was the destruction of the admirable tapestries, executed between 1598 and 1602 by Hendrik Corneliszoon Vroom, to illustrate the victories of England over the Spanish Armada. There is evidence that just before the fire these tapestries, though in want of cleaning, were in essentially sound condition, and capable of reappearing in their pristine beauty. They had survived the vicissitudes of more than two hundred and thirty years, and even Mr. Norman Shaw will admit that this was not a case of the "rapid" decay of tapestries.

What makes this reflection piquant is that they had been hanging all these years in a building on the site, and serving the purpose, of the very palace which it is now proposed to decorate.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
EDMUND GOSSE.

REVIEWS.

LORD CROMER'S EGYPT.

"Modern Egypt." By The Earl of Cromer. London: Macmillan. 1908. 24s. net.

PERHAPS no higher praise can be given to Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt" than to say that it has not disappointed expectation. Seldom, if ever, has a book of this character been looked forward to with so much eagerness. The great work of reconstruction in Egypt, with which Lord Cromer's name will be indissolubly associated, has of late years begun to loom very large in the mind and imagination of the British people. We are all proud of it. It is the most signal and indisputable success of British statesmanship in the last half-century. Judged by achievement, Lord Cromer is—in the sphere of politics and administration—the greatest living Englishman. And he is not only a statesman of large achievement, but, as we all know from the series of his famous Reports, he is a skilful and cultivated writer. Were it not for his lifelong devotion to public affairs, he might have taken a high place among the leaders of literature. When a man of this stamp, still at the height of his mental powers, comes forward to give his own account of a great chapter of national history, in which for nearly a quarter of a century he has played the foremost part, expectation is naturally on tip-toe. We all looked for much, but what Lord Cromer has actually given us is almost more than we had a right to expect.

It may, no doubt, be said that he has not given us a complete history of Egypt since the occupation. But could any reasonable person have thought that he would do that? It is not possible for any statesman of Lord Cromer's eminence to write a complete account of contemporary events without breaches of confidence, as dangerous as they would be unpardonable. As it is, Lord Cromer has, if anything, sailed rather near the wind in his absolute outspokenness about the events of twenty and thirty years ago. To deal with quite recent history in a similar fashion was clearly out of the question. These considerations have obviously dictated the form of the book, which is a rather peculiar form—not wholly historical, nor wholly autobiographical, nor philosophical, nor descriptive, but to some extent a mixture of all these kinds of literature. First we have something like a regular history of Egypt from 1875–1883 (the period covering the fall of Ismail, the brief predominance of Arabi, the war, and the first stage of the occupation, down to Lord Cromer's return to Egypt as British Agent). At this point the regular history of Egypt ceases, and there follows a long and profoundly interesting monograph on "The Soudan", which relates in great detail the course of events from the defeat of Hicks to the death of Gordon (September 1883 to January 1885), but touches very lightly, though with a masterly hand, on subsequent developments down to the present day. In this part of the book the affairs of Egypt proper are as far as possible left on one side. The concluding portion, on the other hand, is once more devoted wholly to Egypt, and, under the four headings of "The Egyptian Puzzle", "British Policy", "The Reforms", and "The Future of Egypt", gives what is by far the fullest and most vivid picture yet presented to the British public of the intricacies of the problem with which Lord Cromer had to deal, and of the progress achieved in spite of them.

In this latter portion of the book a great deal of history is necessarily imbedded. But the primary object of the writer is not so much to provide a record of events as to furnish a clue to the interpretation of them. And this is done with wonderful skill. It would be quite idle in the space at our command to give even the briefest summary of the mass of information which, from the fulness of his knowledge, Lord Cromer pours forth about the characters of the strange amalgam of races who inhabit modern Egypt, or the physical, economic and political idiosyncrasies of the country. Still less possible is it to illustrate by a few quotations—where almost every page might be quoted—the manner, a mixture of thoughtful apophthegm with humorous

illustration, in which Lord Cromer treats his theme. We have seldom come across a book so hard to epitomise. It must be read through to be appreciated.

Where so much is interesting and important it is difficult, in laying down the book, to say what are the strongest impressions which it leaves on the mind of the reader. Three features may, however, be specially noted. In the first place Lord Cromer, while not laying himself out to draw a series of historical portraits, does incidentally sketch the characters of his fellow-actors in this fascinating drama with a freshness and sureness of touch no less remarkable than are, on the whole, the breadth and generosity of his judgments. The pictures drawn of the Egyptian rulers and statesmen with whom he came into contact are admirable. But for the generality of English readers a greater interest will attach to the light thrown, from Lord Cromer's point of view, on the characters of some of his own fellow-countrymen, and especially of Gladstone, of Granville and of Gordon.

As to the first-named, perhaps the less said the better. Not the greatest of Mr. Gladstone's admirers has ever held up his treatment of the Egyptian and Soudanese problems as among the most glorious of his achievements. We here see a man of great power and many-sided gifts on what was perhaps his very weakest side. The utter fatuity of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy in the disastrous years 1883–5 has never been more thoroughly exposed than in Lord Cromer's pages. And the exposure is all the more conclusive because of the evident desire of the writer to make all the allowances he can for the difficulties of the British statesman.

A less painful impression is left by the references to Lord Granville, who, if he showed no more readiness than his great chief to face the facts of the situation, at least evaded them with a grace, a humour, and a frank recognition of the futility of his own proceedings, which went a long way to disarm criticism. "I have", says Lord Cromer in a most characteristic note, "a large number of private letters from Lord Granville. Some of them are very interesting. His light touches on serious questions were inimitable, and his good humour and kindness of heart come out in every line he wrote. It was possible to disagree with him, but it was impossible to be angry with him. It was also impossible to get him to give a definite answer to a difficult question when he wished not to commit himself. His power of eluding the main point at issue was quite extraordinary. Often did I think that he was on the horns of a dilemma and that he was in a position from which no escape was possible without the expression of a definite opinion. I was generally mistaken. With a smile and a quick little epigrammatic phrase Lord Granville would elude one's grasp and be off without expressing any opinion at all. I remember on one occasion pressing him to say what he wanted me to do about one of the offshoots of the general tangle which formed the Egyptian Question. The matter was one of considerable importance. All I could extract from him was the Delphic saying that 'my presence in London would be a good excuse for a dawdle.'" As Lord Cromer says, it was "impossible to be angry" with this inimitable trifling. To be unduly serious, in face of it, only led to disaster. Witness the experience of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, who, in his attempts to improve the administration of the Interior, believed that he could compel the British Foreign Minister to come to a decision on some point which seemed to the eager reformer of vital importance. "The real question", Mr. Clifford Lloyd said, "is whether Her Majesty's Government will now face the inevitable and appoint an English President of the Council, or by withdrawing me deal a death-blow to reformation in this country." The result is humorously described by Lord Cromer. "If there was one thing in the world which Lord Granville disliked it was 'facing the inevitable'. He was constitutionally averse from any line of policy which, in Mr. Clifford Lloyd's words, was intended to 'clear the way for all that had to be done, once and for all'. . . . Lord Granville was equal to the occasion. He could elude the point of the rapier even when the hilt was held by a skilled diplomatist and dialectician: how much more, therefore, could he escape from the sledgehammer blows and wild thrusts of this blunt, outspoken

tyro in official life. . . . Eventually, Mr. Clifford Lloyd resigned his appointment and left Egypt."

If space permitted, there are many other passages which could be quoted to illustrate the brilliant elusiveness of Lord Cromer. But of all the character sketches, in which Lord Cromer's work abounds, the one which will doubtless attract the greatest interest and excite the most serious controversy is his elaborate analysis of the idiosyncrasies of General Gordon. Lord Cromer does not fail to appreciate either the heroism of Gordon or those flashes of insight, amounting at times almost to inspiration, which, together with his courage, gave him so remarkable a hold on the imaginations of men. But, on the other hand, he is emphatic as to the peculiar unfitness of Gordon to deal with the delicate problem of extricating the Egyptian Government from its entanglements in the Soudan, and he subjects the series of hasty, wayward, and inconsistent proposals which Gordon made in attempting to solve that problem to a somewhat merciless criticism. This is a point on which we are not prepared entirely to endorse the judgment of Lord Cromer, though we admit the force and fairness of temper with which he puts his case. It is impossible, without entering into a long and detailed examination of the unfortunate story, to pronounce a final judgment on the question whether the failure of Gordon's mission was due to his own fitfulness or to the inherent hopelessness of the case. The one thing which does stand out clearly is that it was not due to any remissness on the part of Lord Cromer in supporting Gordon by every means in his power. He seems all along to have doubted the wisdom of sending Gordon to the Soudan, and frankly expresses his regret that he ever consented to it. But, Gordon having once gone, he fully realised that the only chance of success lay in allowing him the greatest latitude to deal with the situation in his own way. It was very difficult, almost impossible, to understand what Gordon really wished—which of his numerous and often inconsistent suggestions were merely passing thoughts, and which were the expression of a deliberate policy. On the one crucial question, on which Gordon was perfectly clear, the necessity of sending Zobeir Pasha to assist him, Lord Cromer did all he could to overcome the reluctance of the British Government. And when, that request having been refused and all other experiments having failed, it became evident that Gordon himself was in imminent danger, Lord Cromer lost no time and spared no effort in trying to arouse the Home Government to the necessity of immediate action. He is free from all responsibility for the fatal delay, due here as always to the refusal to look facts in the face, which brought about the great final tragedy.

Hardly less interesting and perhaps even more valuable than these sketches of character are the pithy aphorisms which Lord Cromer constantly lets drop in the course of his narrative. It would be possible to cull from his pages a whole series of maxims for the guidance of the administrator and the statesman. Without attempting to pose as a political philosopher, he yet gives us, incidentally and, as it were, almost unconsciously, a number of principles of political action, which are all marked by that sanity and simplicity of judgment, that broad and masculine good sense, which has been the foundation of his success. And these principles, though all arising naturally from his Egyptian experience, are applicable to a great deal more than the affairs of Egypt. They are a *vade mecum* of Imperial statesmanship.

And now, to mention the third and last feature of special interest in this great work, we must call attention to Lord Cromer's elaborate, profound, and most instructive examination of the fundamental difficulties which beset a European nation in attempting to play the part of earthly providence to an Oriental one. This is the keynote of all the latter part of "Modern Egypt", and it is a study of the greatest importance to the rulers, not only of Egypt, but of India. No doubt the problems of Egypt and India are not altogether the same. Lord Cromer himself is constantly pointing out the numerous differences. And he is careful to confine himself to the subject immediately before him. But it is in the nature of every thorough, and, in the best sense of the word, philosophical, study

of a particular political problem to throw light on cognate problems. Perhaps what strikes us most in the remarkable series of chapters dealing with "The Egyptian Puzzle" is the sobriety and far-sightedness which enable Lord Cromer, while frankly rejoicing, as he is entitled to rejoice, in the great results achieved, especially in the field of material progress, nevertheless fully to realise that deeper and perhaps insoluble problems remain. The real meaning of the financial regeneration of Egypt is described in a striking passage:

"The subject cannot surely be devoid of interest when it is remembered that the difference between the magic words 'surplus' and 'deficit' meant whether the Egyptian cultivator was, or was not, to be allowed to reap the fruits of his labour; whether, after supplying the wants of the State, he was to be left with barely enough to keep body and soul together, or whether he was to enjoy some degree of rustic ease; whether he was to be eternally condemned to live in a wretched mud hut, or whether he might have an opportunity given him of improving his dwelling-house; whether he should or should not have water supplied to him in due season; whether his disputes with his neighbours should be settled by a judge who decided them on principles of law, or whether he should be left to the callous caprice of some individual ignorant of law and cognisant only of *bakshish*; whether, if he were ill, he should be able to go to a well-kept hospital or whether he should be unable to obtain any better medical assistance than that which could be given to his watch-dog or his donkey; whether a school, in which something useful could be learnt, should be provided for his children, or whether they should be left in the hands of teachers whose highest knowledge consisted in being able to intone a few texts, which they themselves only half understood, from the Koran; whether, if he suffered from mental aberration, he should be properly treated in a well-kept asylum, or whether he should be chained to a post and undergo the treatment of a wild beast; whether he could travel from one part of the country to another, or communicate with his friends by post or telegraph, at a reasonable or only at a prohibitive cost; in fact, whether he, and the ten millions of Egyptians who were like him, were or were not to have a chance afforded to them of taking a few steps upward on the ladder of moral and material improvement. This, and much more, is implied when it is stated that the British and Egyptian financiers arrested bankruptcy, turned a deficit into a surplus, increased the revenue, controlled the expenditure, and raised Egyptian credit to a level only second to that of France and England."

This and many similar passages testify to the radical change which has come over the conditions of Egyptian life in the last quarter of a century. Lord Cromer, as we have said, is justly proud of that change, but it does not fill him with undue exultation. He looks ahead. How much has been done to transform the character of the people, and to give to these material reforms their only sure and abiding foundation, a race capable not only of appreciating but of maintaining them? To that question Lord Cromer's answer is very guarded. In respect of education, in the highest sense of the word, "the formation, not only of the intellect, but of the character," he feels confident that something has been achieved, but he declines absolutely to affirm that the progress has been sufficient to enable the great fabric of reform to dispense with external props. Such a time may come, and it is our duty to work steadily towards it. But the time is yet far distant. "Egypt must eventually either become autonomous, or it must be incorporated in the British Empire. Personally I am decidedly in favour of moving in the direction of the former of these two alternatives." But if Egypt is ever to be autonomous, it must be an autonomy in which not only the native Egyptians, but the numerous European and other races, which are now permanently settled on the soil of Egypt, have a part. "The only real Egyptian autonomy, which I am able to conceive as either practicable or capable of realisation, is one which will enable all the dwellers in cosmopolitan Egypt, be they Moslem or Christian, European, Asiatic or African, to be fused

into one self-governing body." This ideal is perhaps sound, but what a distance has yet to be travelled to reach it! Let anyone read Lord Cromer's five chapters on "The Dwellers in Egypt" and judge for himself. How soon, and by what methods, are elements so diverse going to be taught to co-operate as members of one self-governing community? Will they ever do so without the constraining force of some external authority? To that question even Lord Cromer has not ventured to give a definite answer. It remains, and will remain at least for our time, a riddle of the Sphinx.

FALSE NOTES.

"Songs of Old France." By Percy Allen. London: Griffiths. 1908. 6s.

THE test of any translation is that it should satisfy both the reader who cannot understand the original and the reader who can. From the footnote "My God, my friend" explanatory of "Mon Dieu, mon ami" in the text, it is quite clear to which class Mr. Allen appeals. Clear too is his purpose. He advises his readers "to forsake English renderings" at the earliest opportunity and "to betake themselves to the originals". He wishes "to entice the reader onward through the nameless poetry of the people to the beautiful works of the acknowledged poets". The book is not "in any sense an anthology. I have plucked but here and there a blossom upon the primrose path. I would refer all who would gather more to 'The Flowers of France' now in course of production by that eminent translator, Mr. John Payne".

The book then is a sort of propaedeutic and falls into two parts. There is first of all the translation of the acknowledged poets, such as Charles D'Orléans, Villon, Du Bellay and Ronsard. Let us take as a type the translation of Ronsard's "Verson ces roses pres ce vin" and the verse:

"La rose est l'honneur d'un pourpris,
La rose est des fleurs la plus belle
Et dessus toutes a le pris:
C'est pour cela que je l'appelle
La violette de Cypris."

This appears as:

"Ev'ry garden's pride the rose is,
The rose of their flowers most fair
And queen of them all is, I wis;
That is why her name I declare,
The violet of Cypris."

It is all very well to ask the reader "to forsake English renderings", but is this the way to make him betake himself to the originals, which, by the way, are not printed on the opposite side of the page? All delicacy of expression and metre is crushed by Mr. Allen's process, and very often the meaning too. It is not fair, for instance, in a poem full of classical reminiscence, even for the sake of a rhyme, to translate "et l'Aurore a les doigts de Roses" "and the Dawn hath rosy wings", or "Charites" in one place "girls" (rhyming with pearls) and a little lower down "love-gods". Take again a translation of Jean Desmarests:

"The Newcomer, proud of aspect,
Dreams a changeless eternity,
Till he, in a moment shipwrecked,
Sees, so happy in harbour, me"

—which is neither prose nor verse.

After the acknowledged poets thus roughly handled comes the nameless poetry of the people together with the modern songs. This poetry is simpler and more amenable. Folk poetry especially is direct and better able to look after itself in a translation. What one doubts is whether even so it is worth representing on the naked page as literature. When folk poetry and the like is sung by a good singer it is a different matter, and Mr. Allen confesses that it was from the singing of Madame Yvette Guilbert that he got his first inspiration to translate. That is the source of the book, and the concert-room immediately suggests what is really the true place for the majority of the translations it

contains. They belong to the class of verse translation familiar on the concert programme, useful in that context to many, but hardly of enough moment to bear the strain of book form isolated from their originals. There is one exception, and that is the translation "The Sailor's Return". It is an Enoch Arden story in which the sailor hears from his own wife's lips that she has married again because her husband is dead. The last verse runs:

"The sailor bold drained dry his glass
Quite quietly,
Drained dry his glass, tears falling fast,
Quietly into the night he passed,
Quite quietly."

This is the one song which seems to survive handsomely the translating process and to admit of being itself sung. Otherwise the poems seem dead in spite of the enthusiasm of their champion. For there is no doubt about the enthusiasm. He has evidently felt to the full how "bright is the ring of words when the singer singeth"; the trouble is that the brightness of that ring so seldom persists when the audience translateth.

Just one word on the title. It is a little misleading. Villon's poem "Feit à la requeste de sa mere pour prier Nostre-Dame" is hardly a song, and seeing that the title of one of the compositions translated is "Motor Car and Berline", "Old France" presumably is merely a phrase of endearment like "old fellow".

LIBERALISM IN THE ROMAN CHURCH.

"Modernism." By A. Leslie Lilley. London: Pitman 1908. 6s. net.

THE Vicar of S. Mary's, Paddington, is not the least able of a band of Liberal clergy who have for years laboured, with considerable success, to draw the Church of England into the Modernist or Americanist movement, which is partly political, partly theological. The English Conservative dailies are always Radical in the internal affairs of foreign countries. The leading ecclesiastical papers, eager to beat Rome with a stick out of her own hedge, added "a Roman Catholic correspondent", to foul his own nest, to their staff; and even the "Record" hesitated to support the Scarlet Woman's championship of the uncriticised Bible. Lord Halifax was induced to write a preface to a book on l'affaire Loisy which might well make Pusey and Keble turn in their graves. The prophet of the Holborn Viaduct saw his opportunity, boldly claimed Loisyism—though that is at least scholarly and original—as one with Campbellism, and now denounces the reproving manifesto of the leaders of his sect as "the counterpart of the Papal Encyclical recently issued against the Modernists". Strangely enough, the only articulate and effective attack upon Modernism has come from certain Broad Churchmen, whose traditional standpoint it traverses and undermines. Their cry has hitherto been the return, behind the Church, behind S. Augustine, behind S. Paul, to the simple Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. Their professed object has been to disinter the original Christianity of naïve discipleship from beneath the superimposed systems of Pauline and patristic Christology. While discarding a good deal of the New Testament standpoint, they are concerned to maintain the substantial historicity of the Gospel outline. Now, however, come the Modernists, who find the worth of Christianity not in what it was at first but in what it has become, who hold that it is not the earthly and possibly mistaken teaching of Christ which matters, but only the Spirit-led development of the Christian ethos, and who are therefore unconcerned what becomes of the evangelical narrative beneath the scalpel of the critics. It is the theological, not the historic, Christ that the Church presents to mankind.

This rehabilitation of theology and of something like Church authority—only unfortunately the Church excommunicates the authors of the theory—under progressivist formulas is very upsetting to the established Liberalism, which begins to find its simple Galilean Figure as impossible to isolate from the Creed of Christendom as it finds it impossible to de-theologize its "simple Bible".

teaching". Modernism is doing a service to truth in breaking up this delusion. Even if County Council syllabuses resembled the primitive outline of the faith, which they do not, artificial repristination in religion is like an old man babbling in baby talk. Apostolic Christianity was not a mere germ or foetus, or even a chick in the egg, yet it was intended to increase in wisdom and stature. Only, the later stages of growth must not contradict the earlier. What the Modernists affirm to have taken place is really reversal or flux, not development. Hence it is preposterous to place Newman, who said that the work of his life had been resistance to Liberalism, with Houtin or Loisy and Moreri. According to the Modernists the Church is no way bound by her past, nor is there any constant element in Christianity beyond an influence, an idea and a hope. It may be the case, as Tyrrell protests, that they "energetically repudiate individualism and private judgment in religion, regarding society and the Church as a means of getting at objective and universally valid judgments", for "in the collective and traditional mind the biases of private standpoints are eliminated". But this merely means that the living voice of the present democratic age is binding on all of us as infallible, and that there is in the Church no authoritative cathedra magisterii, invested with a permanent and supernatural stewardship of truth. The Church is regarded merely as the sum of its individual twentieth-century members, and revelation is the most recent phase of evolved opinion. Truth, we are told, is not of a locality or of a period. Then why claim the right to "think with the minds of modern men" of western Europe?

Mr. Lilley admits that Modernist teachings amount to a revolution, involving a "profound change" in theology, and speaks of Loisy's "extreme conclusions" and "most radical results". According to Loisy himself, "it is at bottom the whole of Catholic theology in its fundamental principles, it is the general philosophy of religion, the sources and the laws of religious knowledge, that are at stake". Englishmen are asked to sympathise with a revolt against scholasticism—though Kenotic theories and the reconstruction of the Bible from the point of view of immanentism are just as much a priori as the vast deductions of the school authors. But was it the schoolmen who imposed the Fourth Gospel on the Church as true history, who first affirmed that the evangelical Sacraments were ordained by Christ Himself as perpetual pledges of His love—Loisy says: "Jesus had no idea and no intention relative to the Sacraments of the Church"—who first taught the inspiration of Holy Scripture, who first spoke of the Virgin Mary, or who first made Christianity to turn upon the rising from the grave, in a spiritualised condition, of the Body which had been offered in sacrifice on Calvary? Loisy and his school consider the resurrection of that Body to be "neither demonstrated nor demonstrable", conceiving the object of faith to be not Christ's resurrection but His immortality—that Death did not set a term to His action on the world. Again, it is not the thirteenth century which is challenged when the supernatural is merged entirely in the natural, when the Creed is regarded as merely a human envelope of the faith, possessing only a provisional and relative value, or when the Revealer is held to have been ignorant Who, in the theological sense, He was, or to have had "a defective and erroneous prevision of the future", especially as regards the destiny of His Church, and to have been mistaken in thinking that the words He had received from the Father had, in the form He gave them, a universal validity. If the form of the Gospel was merely relative, it follows, of course, that "the form of religion is always and everywhere human", and that nothing in the Church can be divini juris. Nevertheless, since God reveals Himself through history, "the Church had to be what it has been". It had to be mediæval, feudal, scholastic, infallibilist, and the Protestant appeal to a purer age was therefore wrong. And yet, on the other hand, the Abbé Houtin seems to welcome the tendency of all religious movements in America, the chief seat of Modernism, towards "Liberal Protestantism", non-doctrinal and humanitarian, and the Loisyists are freely accused by the orthodox of infiltrations protestantes.

In calling for revolt against Rome the older Protestantism never dreamt that revolt would arrive in this way. The desired unrest has come, but it takes a rationalistic, not an evangelical, form. The Church of England, despite a want of strength, is better fitted than Rome or than an unhistoric Protestantism to deal with liberalising movements, leaving the evil and taking the good. For our part we welcome the most searching and thorough critical scrutiny of the old documents; not because facts and dogmas can never come into collision—an impossible supposition where a religion basing itself on historic events is in question—but because we have faith that all truth is ultimately one. Modernism, however, is not a calm criticism; it is a prepossession. The Modernists are obsessed with the idea of humanitarian equality. Everything in Bible or Creed which is inconsistent with a purely democratic Christ, innocent and ignorant, must go. And Christianity is regarded as properly a branch of Republican politics. If the French Government is aggressively atheistic, this is put down to the "determined and hopeless hostility of French Catholics to the Republic", which has forced it to depart from its usual long-suffering tolerance. It was, if we remember right, the determined hostility of the lamb to the wolf which compelled the latter to abandon its benevolent attitude. But if the Church did desire the restoration of the monarchy, after all why not? The Republic is only a party, and can give itself no airs of divine right. And what makes the majority of religious Frenchmen desire the King to enjoy his own again? We quite admit that there is a philosophic kinship between Catholicism and Royalism. But the Papacy, historically, has been anything but monarchist, nor does it desire a revival of Gallicanism under Kings of France. The truth is that the French Republic has the hatred of Catholicism, as a supernatural system, in its blood. Christianity is a standing denial of the rights of man. But the rights of man are, at bottom, the Modernist religion.

AFTER SCOTT.

"Graham of Claverhouse." By Ian Maclaren. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

NO one can suspect the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" of any sympathy with Episcopalianism or Jacobitism. It is therefore a sign of the dying out of religious animosities in the land beyond the Tweed that he made Claverhouse the hero and not the villain of an historical novel. The book will do good. It will help to give to the last Scottish soldier and gentleman of the old régime that place, in the memories of his countrymen, which is due to his stainless loyalty and his heroic death. For up to the present the stupider kinds of Scotch Presbyterians have, in spite of all that Sir Walter, Aytoun and Napier have written, clung to the hideous calumnies of Covenanting martyrologist and Whig historian which make the hero of Killiecrankie a fiend in human shape. They will now be taught by Ian Maclaren that "bloody Claverse" was at least a chivalrous soldier and an honourable if misguided politician, who in the hour of need was "faithful found among the many faithless".

This last of Ian Maclaren's works is his best. It is a pity it was not more revised. As it stands it must strike the reader as a strange mixture of romance and historical biography. Regarded as history the author's estimate of Claverhouse's career is still vitiated by Presbyterian prejudice. He admits the personal charm of his hero, he admires his chivalrous loyalty; but at the same time will have it that he fought for darkness against light. Dr. Watson could not imagine that it was a very open question whether the complete triumph of Presbyterianism over Episcopalianism in Scotland had been an unmixed blessing to the modern Scot. He shows us fairly enough the fanaticism of the West Country Whigs. Still no one would gather from his pages that the fight in which Claverhouse was engaged was one between two intolerant factions, and that the Covenanters who fought at Bothwell Brigg and testified at the Grassmarket fought and died for the right to persecute others. The truth of course is that

the Scotland of the seventeenth century was a hundred years behind England in its ideas of religious toleration, and it is by the Scotch standard that Claverhouse's actions should be judged. Turning from the general to the particular it is regrettable to find the old myth of the "martyrdom" of John Brown, the "Christian carrier" of Priestfield, Lanarkshire, served up again to Claverhouse's discredit. The truth is that this John Brown was a rebel who was shot by Claverhouse's orders, when he refused to take the oath of abjuration. Everything done in the matter was expressly authorised by the law of the day. The law under which Brown suffered may have been an infamous one; but clearly Claverhouse in this matter only did his duty. The hypocrisy of this charge against Dundee in the mouth of historians like Macaulay is manifest, when we think of the mild language used by them of the treacherous massacre of Glencoe—a massacre carried out under the warrant of righteous Dutch William. The story's most successful character is unquestionably Jock Grimond, Claverhouse's servant. Dour, suspicious, unscrupulous, but yet faithful to his lord, he is a true peasant of old Scotland. Again, the character of "Lady Jean," Claverhouse's Presbyterian bride, is impressive, and a note of true tragedy is struck when on the eve of Killiecrankie she tells her husband that his unjust suspicions of her honour have shattered the love dream, which had made her leave kindred and faith for his sake. The portrait of Jean's mother, Lady Cochrane, is less successful. The wedding scene at Paisley Castle, in which the bitter woman hurls her curse on Claverhouse and her daughter, does not impress us. Unfortunately for the author it recalls a not dissimilar scene in the "Bride of Lammermoor," and suggests a comparison (not to his advantage) between his scolding Lady Cochrane and the terrible Lady Ashton of the older tale. The battle scenes are good, and there is poetry in the picture of the passing of Dundee.

NOVELS.

"The Bad Times." By George A. Birmingham. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

Nobody in Ireland now fears to speak of 'Ninety-Eight, but it requires courage to write a novel about the Land League and the bad times nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus. Mr. Birmingham faces boldly the difficulties of his theme, and has achieved a considerable measure of success in his attempt to interpret to a later generation the political and social troubles of their fathers. Here they may find (once more to borrow the strangely apt words of Horace) "*Bellique causas et vitia et modos ludumque Fortunæ*". The book is a series of character studies, with no feminine interest, as the phrase goes, and the persons, while thoroughly representative of various types of Irish character, are genuine individual men. The central figure is a Connaught country gentleman who has inherited Nationalist family traditions from the days when the Irish gentry were the unquestioned political leaders of the Irish people. Having entered Parliament in the 'Seventies as a Home Ruler of the Butt school, he finds himself disoriented by the distortion of a respectable political movement into an agrarian revolution directed against his own class, a *Jacquerie* which enlists in its service all the subterranean forces of crime and outrage, and marks down as its victims the landlords, merely because they are landlords, with no discrimination of good from bad. Mr. Birmingham in his novels has a constant affection for the man who, being able to see more than one side of a question, is in a time of fierce political passion regarded as half-hearted. Many an Irishman, like his Stephen Butler, has been daunted by the alternative of either identifying himself with men who cultivate a contempt for their own country, or of being associated with politicians who deliberately use the murderous spirit, which their own unscrupulous oratory has done much to stimulate, as a political weapon. But we know no book in which the case of such a man is presented with so much sympathy and insight as here. Irish Girondins meet with no better fortune than their French prototypes, and Stephen's story was bound to be a tragedy. The

tragedy is well worked out, and though the victim's character, apart from his political development, remains somewhat shadowy, there is more incident than in most of this author's novels. The setting of the story is very close to reality, but Mr. Birmingham has been wise enough not to introduce real persons. He has here abandoned political satire for the more difficult genre of serious political romance, but his humour has not deserted him. There are several remarkably fine imaginary portraits: the cultured tolerant parish priest of the older generation; the fiery young Catholic curate from Maynooth, single-minded and fearless, but resolute to have no friendly dealings with any Protestant landlord; the cynical shrewd peer who foresees the ruin of his order; and, perhaps the finest study of all, the old hedge-schoolmaster, steeped in the folk-lore and legends of Ireland, who, having borne arms in the field as a Fenian rebel, has a fierce contempt for the new generation of patriots who shoot unsuspecting men from behind walls.

"The Harvest of Deceit." By Clive Pemberton. London: Greening. 1908. 6s.

An invalid marriage in the United States, substantial enough to disturb the lady on the eve of a regular marriage to a blameless baronet in England when the wicked Italian Count reappears—a murder in a flat—cardsharps—fevers of passion—"snarls of baffled rage"—such are the fruits of Mr. Clive Pemberton's reaping. He is so fond of baronets that he ought to have found out that a baronet's daughter cannot possibly be "the Honourable Agatha".

"A Curtain of Cloud." By Major C. Sillery. Blackwood. 1908. 6s.

This is the book of a soldier who is not also a storyteller. As a literary production it is negligible; though quite carefully and intelligently written the plot, characterisation and working out of the story are amateurish and unsatisfactory. However, Major Sillery's knowledge of Indian frontier life, of folk-lore and native customs and ways of thought, makes his work readable and even interesting.

"The Dancing Leaves." By Gertrude Warden. London: Ward, Lock. 1908. 6s.

Miss Warden's story is frank melodrama and not very convincing. The characters behave in a perverse and tiresome way, Aubrey de Vaux' behaviour is the most consistent and comprehensible, though he suffers from hereditary mania, goes mad in the last chapter and attempts to murder the heroine. It is not a worthy effort of Miss Warden's intelligence.

REPRINTS.

The third volume of "*The Works of Tennyson Annotated*" (Macmillan. 4s. net) contains "*The Princess*" and "*Maud*". The notes on "*Maud*" fill only a few pages. With most of these, or their substance, many readers are already familiar. We are not greatly struck by the medical report on the hero of "*Maud*" which Dr. Mann furnished: M.D., F.R.A.S., &c., do not seem well in criticism of poetry. Tennyson's own pithy little statement that "this poem of '*Maud*' or the '*Madness*' is a little '*Hamlet*'" is much more suitable. Interesting comments which give fresh meaning to familiar lines are in the note on the shell passage—

"Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand
Year after year the shock
Of cataract seas."

(Continued on page 380.)

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"And left the daisies rosy."

For if you tread on the daisy "it turns up a rosy underside". We are reminded that to the fine taste and enthusiasm of Sir John Simeon the world in no small degree owes "Maud". Simeon urged Tennyson to make a story out of the lovely lyric,

"O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

and Tennyson took up the suggestion. These lines appeared in "The Tribute" in 1837. Though there is an enormous amount of rhyme or half-poetry printed to-day in journals and periodicals, not one reader in a thousand of this stuff understands what poetry is. And yet we do think that if a lyric such as this of Tennyson's were to be published to-day the world would soon know of it.

"Fynes Moryson's Travels." Vols. III. and IV. Glasgow: Maclehose. 4 vols. £2 10s. net.

These two volumes complete Moryson's Itinerary of his "ten yeeres travell". They carry us from 1601 to 1617, and deal with Ireland and various parts of the Continent from the Netherlands to Turkey. Among the many curious and entertaining things given us by Fynes Moryson are precepts for travellers and the opinions of old writers on national characteristics. The Emperor Charles said that "the German tongue is fit to command, the Italian to make love, the French to trafficke or buy and sell, the Spanish to move mercy". To pass over a time of grief we are told "the Italians sleepe, the French sing, the Germans drinke, the English goe to Plaies, the Spaniards lament, as likewise the Irish (save that rudely they utter their grieffe by cries in the open streetes)", and so on. As for love-making, "the Germans are said to woo like Lyons rather by commanding than obsequiousness, the Italians like foxes stealthily creeping into their sweethearts affections, the Spaniards like religious Friars, worshipping the idoll of beauty with astonishment, the French like Bees presently stinging". There is indeed infinite "variety of loves affections in divers Nations". Fynes Moryson clearly had a faculty for the production of amusing "copy".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Mars.

There is a paper here on the Lake of Thrasymene by M. de Navenne which will delight all lovers of Italy, and indeed of history, for the scene of Hannibal's memorable victory over the Consul Flaminius must always awake sensations of deep interest in those who have any care for the past. The writer has evidently studied the scene at all seasons of the year. It is indeed a pity that only a few units out of the thousands who rush yearly to Rome pause to visit a spot of so much beauty and such undying interest. This number also contains a fresh instalment of the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, dealing with the romantic expedition of the Duchesse de Berry into Brittany in 1832, when she made her famous sojourn of seventeen hours in a chimney. In spite of much scoffing at the time, that royal lady's heroism was in truth worthy of the best traditions of the Bourbons. We take this opportunity of expressing our pleasure at seeing appended to the editor's name the magic formula "de l'Académie française".

For this Week's Books see page 382.

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Of which 70,000 Shares have been issued and are fully paid		£350,000
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WEST END UNDERTAKINGS.		
130,000 £4½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each	£650,000	
Of which 80,000 Shares have been issued and are fully paid		£400,000
130,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each	£650,000	
Of which 80,000 Shares have been issued and are fully paid		£400,000
Four per Cent. Debenture Stock Issued, £445,736		

Notice is hereby given that the above-named Company is issuing a Prospectus, dated the 18th day of March, 1908, inviting subscription at 98 per Cent. for

£600,000 4½ PER CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK.

PAYABLE:—

On Application	£10 per cent.
On Allotment	15 per cent.
On May 14, 1908	25 per cent.
On June 15, 1908	25 per cent.
On July 14, 1908	23 per cent.
	£98

The said Prospectus states, among other things, that, in addition to applications from subscribers in cash, the holders of the 5 per cent. Debenture Bonds of the City Undertaking above referred to, which fall due on January 15, 1909, are invited to subscribe for this 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock.

Applications by such Bondholders should be made on the blue form enclosed, and sent to the Secretary, and the Bonds carrying two unexpired coupons must be lodged with the Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited, 66 Charing Cross, S.W., within 14 days of receipt of Letter of Allotment. Each £100 Bond will be received in payment of £100 of the new Debenture Stock, and on the lodging of the Bonds a certificate will be issued for fully-paid stock, carrying interest as from January 15, 1908, and a cheque will be posted to the allottee for 2½ per cent., being half per cent. difference in interest between the Bonds and the Debenture Stock up to the maturity of the Bonds on January 15, 1909, and 2 per cent. the discount in the price of issue of the stock.

The net proceeds of this issue after paying the expenses thereof will be applied from time to time in acquiring all or any of the £337,000 5 per cent. Bonds falling due on January 15, 1909, in payment of temporary loans secured against similar Bonds, amounting to £123,000, and subject thereto for the general purposes of the City Undertaking; but so long as any of such Bonds are outstanding no part of the proceeds will be used for such general purposes, unless cash to meet such outstanding Bonds is deposited with the Trustees.

The Bonds from time to time acquired will be lodged with the Trustees of this issue, in aid of the security afforded by their Trust Deed for the 4½ per cent. Debenture Stockholders, and when all the 5 per cent. bonds that have been issued by the Company are in the possession of the Trustees the Bonds will be cancelled.

The stock will be secured by a Trust Deed, which, subject to the discharge of these Bonds, will create a first floating charge on the City Undertaking and the money and assets belonging thereto. The payment of principal and interest will also be enforceable against the Company's assets generally. The Trust Deed will provide that no mortgage or charge shall be created ranking in priority to *pari passu* with the stock, save and except that the Company shall be at liberty from time to time to create and issue further Debenture Stock ranking *pari passu* with the present issue so long as the total outstanding amount of the stock does not exceed one-half of the capital expended on the City Undertaking.

In the event of a sale or transfer of the City Undertaking or any part thereof to the Local Authority, under Section 2 of the Electric Lighting Act, 1888, or under the provisional order authorising the undertaking, the stock will be charged on the purchase money instead of upon the undertaking.

The stock will fall due for redemption on January 15, 1911, at 102 per cent., but will be subject to redemption previously at the option of the Company at 102 per cent., or in case of voluntary liquidation at 102 per cent.

The interest will be paid on January 15 and July 15, and the first payment will fall due on July 15, 1908, and will be calculated from the due dates of the instalments. Interest at 5 per cent. per annum will be charged on instalments in arrear.

The stock will be transferable in sums of £1 and in multiples of £1.

Trustees for the 4½ per Cent. Debenture Stockholders.

The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited.

Directors.

WILLIAM FRANCIS FLADGATE, Esq., Craig's Court, S.W. (Chairman).
George Henry Brougham Glasier, Esq., St. James' Street, S.W. (Vice-Chairman).
John M. Gatti, Esq. (A. & S. Gatti, Strand, W.C., Managing Director).
Richard Chadwick, Esq., St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
Rocco Gatti, Esq. (A. & S. Gatti), Strand, W.C.

Secretary and Registered Offices.

Edward Wilmot Seale, F.C.I.S., 60 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Engineer-in-Chief.

H. W. Kingston.

Bankers.

The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited, 2 Princes Street, E.C., and 66 Charing Cross, S.W.

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O. R. Johnson & Son, Chartered Accountants, 110 Cannon Street, E.C.

Solicitors.

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The Charing Cross, West End and City Electricity Supply Company (hereinafter called "the Company"), is authorised to supply electric energy in the City of London under the City of London Electric Lighting Order, 1899, confirmed by the Electric Lighting Order Confirmation (No. 20) Act, 1899. The Undertaking so constituted is called the "City Undertaking."

The Company is also authorised to supply electric energy in—

1. The parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.
2. The area formerly comprised in the District of the Strand District Board of Works.
3. Part of the area formerly comprised in the District of the St. Giles District Board of Works lying to the south of New Oxford Street and part of the area

formerly comprised in the District of the Holborn District Board of Works lying to the south of High Holborn.

4. The Company has also powers to supply electrical energy in bulk to certain local authorities under the Charing Cross and Strand Electricity Supply Corporation, Limited (Further Powers) Act, 1900.

On December 31, 1907 (as shown by the Company's audited accounts) the total expenditure of the City Undertaking was £1,291,278, and on the West End Undertakings was £1,011,144; the City Undertaking was charged with £460,000 Five per cent. Bonds and the West End Undertakings with £445,736 Four per cent. Debenture Stock. There were also outstanding temporary loans amounting to £70,000.

The following schedule shows the progress of the Company and the revenues of its Undertakings:—

	CITY.	WEST END.	CITY.	WEST END.	
	Revenue from sale of Current, &c.	Revenue from sale of Current, &c.	Net Revenue after paying expenses.	Net Revenue after paying Expenses, Depreciation, and 4 per cent. Debenture Interest.	Together.
1901	£9,824	£102,709	£776 loss	£35,453	£34,677
1902	28,537	119,019	4,674 profit	30,521	35,195
1903	57,719	113,294	21,700 "	25,112	46,812
1904	80,868	125,553	33,274 "	36,615	69,889
1905	95,340	130,733	41,900 "	32,006	74,005
1906	105,502	126,145	48,178 "	24,451	72,629
1907	118,543	131,920	54,795 "	33,976	83,771

The City Undertaking may at any time after December 31, 1914, be purchased by the Local Authority under Section 62 of the "City of London Electric Lighting Order Confirmation (No. 20) Act, 1899," and the purchase, if made under that section, is to be upon the terms of paying to the Company as the price of their undertaking:—

- (a) A sum of money equal to the capital properly expended by the Undertakers for the purposes of the Undertaking; and further
- (b) A sum equal to 10 per cent. on the capital so expended; and
- (c) In the event of the total revenue of the Undertaking during the period between August 9, 1899, and the date on which the purchase is to take effect, being less than a sum sufficient to provide an average rate of interest of 4 per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being properly expended by the Undertakers upon the Undertaking, a sum equal to the deficiency.

The Local Authority will also, after August, 1914, have power to purchase the City Undertaking under Section 2 of the "Electric Lighting Act, 1888."

Copies of documents referred to in the prospectus may be seen at the registered office of the Company during the usual office hours.

Copies of the Prospectus (which has been filed for registration under the Companies Act, 1900) and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers.

The Subscription List closes on or before Tuesday, March 24, 1908.

This notice is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to subscribe for shares.

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